

With tender memories

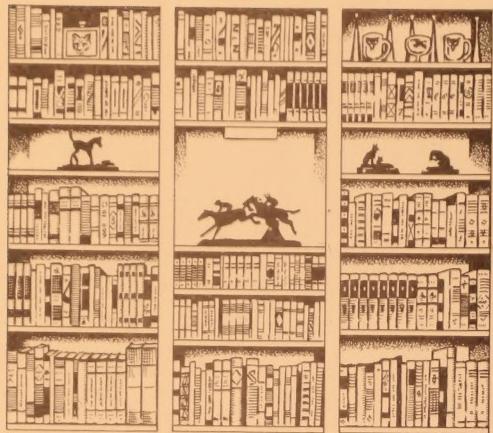
Mrs. Abraham Lansing.

June 10 - 1909 —

*Albany:
N.Y.*

115 Washington Avenue.

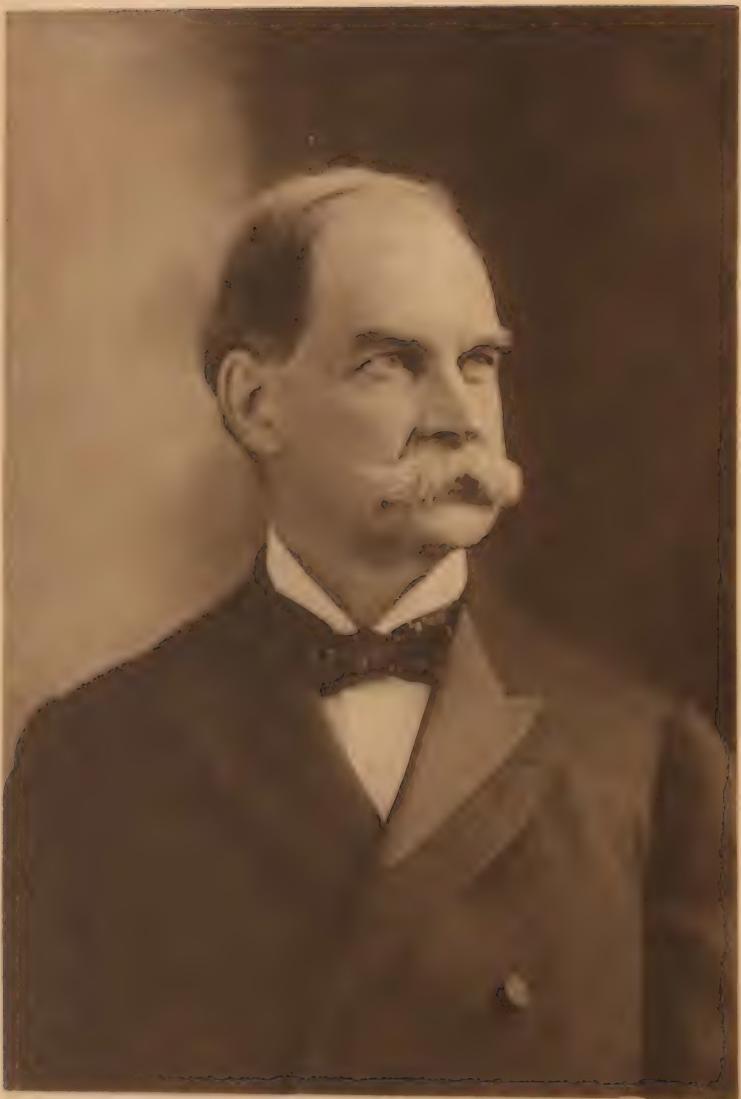
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RECOLLECTIONS

ABRAHAM LANSING



Abraham Lansing

RECOLLECTIONS

—
ABRAHAM LANSING

BY ABRAHAM LANSING



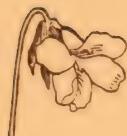
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1909

RECOLLECTIONS

ABRAHAM LANSING

EDITED BY

CHARLES E. FITCH, L.H.D.



PRIVately PRINTED

1909

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“Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one and lo ! what myriads rise,
Each stamps its image as the other flies.”

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BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY

ABRAHAM LANSING, the third child and second son of Christopher Yates and Caroline Thomas Lansing, was born February 27, 1835, at 368 North Market Street, now 515 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., in a house built by his maternal grandfather, Abraham Yates, Jr., and of which Abraham Lansing was the owner at the time of his death.

He always lived in Albany. He was of honorable and distinguished lineage. The Lansings are traced back to Frederick, of the town of Hassel, in the Province of Overyssel, in Holland, as ancestor. Three of his sons and two daughters arrived in New Amsterdam in 1680. The line descends through Gerrit, the second son of Frederick, his son Jacob and Jacob's son, Gerrit J., to Abraham G., the paternal grandfather of Abraham, who was a life-long resident of Albany, born in 1756 and died in 1834, a man of prominence, Surrogate of Albany County from 1787 to 1808, and State Treasurer from 1803 to 1809 and from 1810 to 1812. His brother, John Lansing, Jr., born in Albany in 1754 and dying in 1829, had an illustrious public career. He studied law in New York with James Duane, was Military Secretary to General Philip Schuyler, Member of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh New York Assemblies, Representative in Congress under the Articles of Confederation, Speaker of the

Assembly in 1786, member of the Commission to Make Final Division of the Territorial Claims of New York and Massachusetts, Mayor of Albany, and again Member of Assembly in 1786, Representative in Congress under the Confederation and Delegate to the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution in 1787, member of the State Convention which ratified the same in 1788, Justice and Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, Regent of the University, Presidential Elector and nominee for Governor.

Abraham Yates, Jr., whose daughter Susanna married Abraham G. Lansing, was born in 1724 and died in 1796. He was eminent in his day, being Sheriff of Albany County, Deputy to the Provincial Convention of New York and Deputy and President *pro tem.* of the First, Second and Third and President of the Fourth Provincial Congress, member of the First and Second Councils of Safety of New York, member of the Committee which, in 1777, framed the first Constitution of the State, member of the New York Council of Appointment in 1777 and 1784. Delegate to the Continental Congress in 1787 and 1788, and Mayor of Albany from 1789 to 1796. His portrait, by Robert, was presented by Abraham Lansing to the New York City Bar Association.

Abraham G. Lansing had a large family, nine of his sons reaching maturity, and four daughters. One of these, Gerrit Yates, was Regent and Vice-Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, Judge of the Court of Probate, Clerk of the Assembly and a Representative in Congress from 1831 to 1837.



John Lawrence how?



John Quincy Adams

Christopher Yates Lansing, the father of Abraham, never held official position, except as Private Secretary to Governor Joseph C. Yates, when he was a very young man, but he was a learned, diligent and upright counselor-at-law, and died in 1872, at the age of seventy-six, universally respected, after a life of industry, usefulness and unsullied purity. He was devoted to his children, inculcating them with religious principles which had marked and beneficent influence upon their lives.

Abraham's maternal family was also one of signal worth. His ancestor, in this line, was William Thomas, of Welsh extraction, one of the "Merchant Adventurers," who promoted the enterprise of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims, and coming later to Plymouth became one of its Assistant Governors, being so chosen in 1642 and annually re-elected until his death at Marshfield in 1657, at the age of ninety years. The estate at Marshfield, long known as the "Daniel Webster Place," the largest and finest grant ever made by the colony, attests both his importance and the esteem in which he was held. His son, Captain Nathaniel, served in King Philip's War in 1675. The latter's son, Nathaniel, was, for many years, Judge of Probate for the county of Plymouth and Judge of the Supreme Court from 1712 to 1718. His son, William, was a physician of extensive practice in Plymouth for more than half a century, was born in Boston in 1718, and died in 1802. He was of the medical staff in the hazardous and successful exploit against Louisburg in 1745, and was at Crown Point in 1753. He was a zealous patriot during the war for American independence. After the battle of Lexington, in 1775, he

immediately, with his four sons, Joshua, Joseph, John and Nathaniel, joined the first-formed revolutionary corps. The first named of these was Aide-de-camp to Gen. John Thomas in the expedition to Canada in 1776, and, after the peace, was a Representative and Senator in the Massachusetts Legislature, and, from 1792 until his death in 1821, was Judge of Probate for Plymouth county. Joseph and John continued in the service during the war, the first as captain of artillery, and the second in the medical staff. John subsequently established himself as a physician at Poughkeepsie, in this State, and died in 1818. He married Gertrude Fonda, in 1797, and was the father of Caroline, the mother of Abraham.

Abraham Lansing received his preliminary education in a select school in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and in the Albany Academy. He entered Williams College, then under the presidency of Mark Hopkins, as a sophomore, in 1852, and was graduated therefrom, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1855. The class was notable for the achievements of its members in after life, embracing two United States Senators, two representatives in the lower house of Congress, seven doctors of divinity, four doctors of law, four college professors and others who attained distinction in their various professions. Among these Lansing was highly esteemed for the dignity and refinement of his character and for his scholarly and literary acquirements. Among his other college honors, it may be mentioned that he was a speaker at the prize rhetorical exhibition in 1854, his subject being "Architecture," president in his senior year of the "Philotechnian," one of the two literary societies, and an orator at commencement, the title of his



Abby



A. Ransing.

address being "Bubbles." He was also a member of the Kappa Alpha, the first of Greek-letter fraternities founded upon a social basis and still a leading one in several American universities. His name is perpetuated in his Alma Mater through the "Abraham Lansing Scholarship," established by his wife in 1906.

After leaving college, he studied law in his father's office and in the Albany Law School (Union University), from which institution he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws in December, 1856, being at the same time admitted to the bar of the State of New York, and began the practice of his profession, being actively engaged therein until his death, and receiving a number of public appointments in connection therewith. He was admitted to practice in the United States Courts in 1867. He was City Attorney of Albany in 1868. He was the first reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court, as authorized by law, serving as such from 1869 to 1873, when he resigned the office. Seven volumes known as "Lansing's Reports," testify to his legal knowledge, capacity and fidelity to his trust. From 1876 to 1878 he was Corporation Counsel of Albany. During nearly the whole of his forty years of practice as a lawyer he was the senior of the firm of A. and W. Lansing, the second member being a younger brother, William. His standing at the bar throughout, as able, safe and conscientious in counsel, skillful and persuasive in the trial of causes, and sound and resourceful in argument before the appellate tribunals, finds expression in the records of the courts and especial appreciation and esteem in the tributes to his memory by the leaders of his profession at its

meeting immediately after his death, and reproduced in this volume.

Outside of the duties, personal and official, which his profession imposed upon him, State preferment sought him and found him equipped for and diligent in the discharge of its responsibilities. In 1874, owing to the temporary disability of the State Treasurer, Governor Dix appointed Mr. Lansing as Acting Treasurer, a position he filled for several months with entire fidelity and acceptance, the appointment being a signal evidence of the confidence reposed in him by the chief executive, whose political faith was other than his. In the summer of 1879 he was a delegate from the American Committee for the Codification of the Law of Nations to the conference of the general body in London. In the fall of 1881 he accepted the Democratic nomination for State Senator and was elected by a majority largely in excess of the average party vote. During his senatorial term, 1882-3, he took an active part in legislation. He was chairman of the important Committee on Railroads and a member of the Finance Committee, and was largely influential in the creation of the State Railroad Commission. He procured a new charter for Albany, had charge of the measure which provided for the reservation and preservation of the State Park at Niagara Falls, and inspired the acts for the remodelling of the scientific departments of the State and the placing of the capitol and other State buildings under the control of a single superintendent. He was not a frequent participator in the debates of the Senate, but when he did speak it was to the purpose, clearly and convincingly. He retired from the Senate with the esteem



H. Taylor Jr.



W. H. Gates Jr.

of his associates and public recognition of his capacity and integrity.

In the business development and eleemosynary activities of the city he was deeply interested and was officially identified with many of the organizations for their promotion. He was long the attorney and counselor and was for a number of years the senior director of the National Commercial Bank. He was a member of the Board of Park Commissioners of Albany, a trustee of the Albany Savings Bank, a trustee of the Albany Academy, a governor of the Albany Hospital, a trustee of the Albany Medical College, of the Albany Rural Cemetery and of the Dudley Observatory—all of which reveal his quality as a citizen, his concern for local enterprises and charities and the reliance of the community upon him, as evinced by the demand for such constant and varied service in its behalf. He was also a founder and one of the first Board of Trustees and of the first House Committee of the Fort Orange Club, the leading social organization of Albany, the charter and constitution of which he drafted, and he was a life member of the State Geological Society, a member of the Century Association, the Holland Society, the University Club, the Bar Association of the City of New York and the Albany Burns Club. Nearly all the civic, social and charitable bodies with which he was affiliated adopted resolutions expressive of their sense of loss on the occasion of his death.

His public addresses, although not numerous, were distinguished for felicity and clearness of diction and for appropriateness to the occasion which inspired them.

In politics he was a Democrat. In part his political faith

was doubtless due to heredity and early environment, for the Lansings and the families affiliated with them had been of the Jeffersonian School and eminent in public affairs as already indicated, but, through his own study and reflection, he reached well-settled convictions concerning the functions of government, which confirmed the ancestral inclination and made him consistent in his adhesion to Democratic principles throughout his life. He cannot be said to have been an active politician, but he was at one time chairman of the Democratic Committee, and accepted honorable positions at the hands of his party. His political career was unsullied and loyal to the public welfare.

He found his recreation in the fields and by the streams in communion with nature. More than all else, he enjoyed his vacations in the Ristigouche country. He kept a log of his experiences therein, a portion of which is here presented.

He died at his home in Albany, October 4, 1899. His devoted wife survives. He was married November 26, 1873, to Catherine, the only daughter of General Peter Gansevoort and granddaughter of General Peter Gansevoort, Jr., of Fort Stanwix fame. Their home was the fine old Gansevoort mansion on Washington avenue, whose traditional hospitality was by them constantly maintained.

The foregoing is simply a sketch of an able lawyer, an upright public servant, a good citizen, a cultivated gentleman, courteous and considerate in all the relations of life, a lover of the beautiful in art and nature, and one whose memory is very precious to those who had the privilege of knowing him.

environment, for the
in him had been of the
public affairs as already
seen. In his study and reflection, he
was considering the functions of
the ancestral induction and
return to Democratic principles
which he said to have been an active
factor in his becoming chairman of the Democratic
Party. His wife positions at the hands of
the author was unsullied and loyal to the

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trips which is here presented.

Thomas Gansevoort, Jr. His
mother married November 11, 1873,
John C. Goss, son of General Peter Goss.
General Peter Gansevoort, Jr., of Fort
Ticonderoga, and the fine old Gansevoort man-
sion at Ticonderoga, which historical wri-

ter, in his history of the Gansevoorts, says
that the Gansevoorts were a very ancient family,
and the name means "a layer of
gold" and one who has money is very
likely to be a good husbanding him.



Cyprianus

APPRECIATIONS

APPRECIATIONS

BY THE HON. CHARLES ANDREWS, LL. D.

I FIRST became acquainted with the late Abraham Lansing in 1870, and from that time until his death it was my privilege to enjoy his friendship, to meet him in the discharge of his professional duties and at his hospitable home. The social life of Albany during my residence there took its tone from members of families whose ancestors for generations had been citizens of Albany and from men of distinction in Church and State who had adopted Albany as their home. The social standards were elevated, pure and inspiring. It was not alone the refinements which come from social contact which attracted the observer, but associated with these was an atmosphere which can be felt only where the higher things of the intellect and of the spirit are given their appropriate recognition.

In this society Mr. Lansing took his place, not only as the representative of an honored ancestry, but from those personal qualities which adorn human nature and demand recognition independently of adventitious circumstances. He had the high breeding and courtesy which accompanies a simple, genuine character. He loved books and his knowledge of the best literature was wide and discriminating. He enjoyed the

world of nature, and the woods, the fields and the streams were to him a source of enduring pleasure. His life was quiet and unostentatious. He held his friends with a firm grasp and none who became his friends ever released their hold upon him. Others are more familiar with his life as a citizen. I know that he took an active interest in public affairs and in undertakings having for their object the religious, educational and civic interests of Albany. With his work as a lawyer before the court of which I was a member, I was more familiar. He came to the argument of cases with thorough and conscientious preparation and his arguments were clear, logical and usually convincing. The court accepted without reserve any statement of fact which he made, and I venture to say that he never made to any court any statement which he did not believe to be true.

Mr. Lansing was a man of high ideals, of pure character, a good citizen, a lovable friend. He was true in all the relations of life. I mourn his loss and cherish his memory.

BY THE REV. WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.

To the memorial minute presented to and adopted by the Vestry of St. Peter's Church in the city of Albany, on Wednesday, October 4, 1899, I beg to add a word to which I may give a more personal accent.

The nine years since his death have only deepened my estimate of his fine and noble personality and of all that he was to Albany, to St. Peter's Church and to myself.

As I write, the deep-set eyes in the picture of his strong and refined face, alongside of the faces of Justice Peckham and Judge Andrews, on the wall space in my study above my books, look down upon me with all the kindness and steadfastness which lit up those eyes in the days of old that are so dear and they fill my thought with gracious memories. As I gaze upon his picture, I recall a scene in the recent history of St. Peter's which has left upon my mind and heart a vivid picture of his presence and the echo of his voice. It was on that day when we gave benediction to the Pott's Memorial Rectory, and I can see him now as he stood then, midway on the stairway of the central hall, while men and women of St. Peter's crowded the first and second floors of the new rectory, listening to the thoughtful and graceful words with which he expressed the congratulations of the hour.

Others can give more significant testimony to his eminence in his profession and at least equal testimony to the high purpose and consistency of his life among men, but I may be permitted to bear witness to the more intimate traits of his personality.

In a peculiar degree he was a man who had the instinct and genius of friendship. His nature was rich in the affections and loyalties that shape and weld "the hooks of steel" by which the souls of men are drawn together and, whatever the strain of circumstances, are held together. In all this, there was something finer and deeper than the urbanity of the gentleman and the good nature of the comrade. He was a man of thought, self-control and poise, who looked beyond the veils of things visible and provable to the deeper and larger

things believable, in which lie the strongest roots of character and conduct. His whole life in his home, his work and his religion were built on fidelities, and it is in fidelity to my estimate and love of him that I write this word.

BY WILLIAM P. PRENTICE, LL. D.

The life of Abraham Lansing was singularly even and fortunate. He lived and died in Albany, N. Y., as his forebears had done; and, like them, gathered civic honors and distinction, as it were, in a regular course, and in a measure proportionate to his advantages and to his time. Good quality and fine bearing go far in the day and stay to the end with such men as our friend Abraham Lansing, making life's pathway smoother and fairer to every one reached by them. They were traits in a personality and character, honored and trusted to an unusual degree throughout his career, and gave force and effect to his intellect, education, industry and work which were also factors in his success. This was well earned, without enmity and well used. His commerce with men was most pleasant and never would he do a wanton injury. One hesitates to apply that overworked word among us, a gentleman, but you could define it by him, as we knew him. One of the best of citizens and friends, "*nisi perversus maxime quisque illum non deligeret modo sed amaret.*"

Tall and handsome, graceful in figure and action, with blue eyes, kind expression and pleasing voice, having always a certain reserve and poise, his figure is before us, as though

the seven years and a half since the day of his death, October 4, 1899, had faded away. He was a good comrade and companion. Many sum up virtues in saying one is a good fisherman or angler. He was that, too; fond of the country and of life. He was good in speech, talked well, was restful and aidful in conversation. Some of us were his schoolmates, classmates in college and fellow-townersmen, and this is our recollection.

He was born February 27, 1835, and had part of his early training at a boarding-school in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, within the country, radius and impressions of Williams College, whither afterwards his course turned. The years preparatory to college were spent at the Albany Boys' Academy, a long-established and well-known institution, whose principals had ever been successful masters of wide and approved reputation. Such were at its head in his time, in succession, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Cook and the Rev. W. A. Miller, with all of whom the boys in the higher department were in close touch and had from them personal direction in their studies and guidance. Especially was this gainful from the manners and gentle, genial sway of Mr. Miller, a highly cultured and scholarly man of some worldly experience. He led his pupils with persuasive and inciting sympathy to attack their appointed tasks with vigor, having some perception of their objects and occasional glimpses, at least, of a larger field than the landscape and horizon before them in their books. Of such heaven-born teachers, Lansing was soon to know another, the Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, the president of his college. They are of two kinds. One prepares the youth to

think, oft-times with them and as they do; the other makes their students individuals, to think of their own motion, generally from right premises and in the right way, but at all events they must think. Of this second order was Dr. Hopkins, one of the greatest men. Education seemed to begin anew under him.

The scheme of education which prevailed, the same in academy and in college up to the senior year, termed old fashioned now, was to one purpose, to make self-reliant, practical men, able to take and improve their places in the outside world, with principles and not merely selfish motives. First and last it was of training and discipline. With Latin, Greek and mathematics, which were as the three R's in primary schools, and English, were included oratory and composition, not lost arts then, and occupying generally the Friday afternoons; also debating societies were for out of school exercises and diversion. In college two literary societies flourished to the same end and college politics centered about them. It was not necessary to arrange for play further than to furnish a playground. Youthful spirits and energy sufficed for all the rest and they never failed or flagged. It may be said for the graduate generally that he was able to walk alone and to make good way. But, as to electives and "the exploded meteor" theory of a curriculum, it may be said that the collegian knew nothing and at no time, unless possibly in catechism class, or in class prayer meeting, would he meet the doctrine of election until he came to choose his profession and set out for himself.

But, though all were on the same voyage, there was room,

and there remained the same everlasting diversities of mankind, in the young and in the old, as the race has ever known. Our academy student was fitted at the age of sixteen for college, and entered, in 1852, the sophomore class of Williams, which graduated in 1855 with fifty-five members; thirty had dropped by the way. Lansing took the A. B. degree and had sufficient rank for a commencement oration.

The three years of college were not of pampered luxury. Chapel bell had rung at five-thirty summer mornings and at quarter past six in the winter, when sometimes there would be two feet of snow in the paths. One recitation was before breakfast, by candle light in the dark season, and if the monitors had not their stove fires started early, the rooms were cold. A second recitation was in the forenoon and a third in the afternoon, each lasting about an hour. Breakfast was at half-past seven, dinner one o'clock, tea or supper at six, and one had to be prompt, as the tables were not kept long waiting. The evening, after eight o'clock, was supposed to be devoted to study and lights should be out early. The vacations were nominally of three months, six weeks in the summer and early fall, the winter one taking in, if one had excuse, Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays and beyond, to enable some of the students to teach school, and three weeks or a month in the spring. Commencement was in the early days of August, and preceded by the two weeks of senior vacation.

Lansing bore his part in all the college life decorously enough not to be called up for infraction of the rules. These were severe, but, like the Sibylline books, most of them lost

or unknown. He belonged to one of the older secret societies, the Kappa Alpha, and of the literary societies to the Philotechnian, of which he was president for a term in his senior year, but he was not particularly or especially prominent. He had few intimates, but a large circle of acquaintances and friends. In one winter vacation it was said he taught school, and with the usual enjoyment on both sides of the country district school. These are pleasant memories to those of us who remain, but far removed, of a different century and an age unknown to the university men of to-day.

In the fall of his graduating year, 1855, Lansing began the study of law in the office of his father, Christopher Y. Lansing, Esq., and also at the Albany Law School. He finished the course, took the usual degree and, in 1856, was admitted to the bar.

The dean of the law school was Amos Dean, who had considerable practice as a referee, often appointed and chosen in difficult cases, and widely recognized as methodical, careful and learned. He was also an author of some fame, both in law and history. The distinguished jurists Judges Ira Harris and Amasa J. Parker were also professors and lecturers, and they read on equity, criminal law and practice. Judge Harris had renown in pleadings, Judge Parker in criminal law. Judge Harris was the United States Senator in 1861 and during the war.

The young lawyer might well have repeated to himself the saying of Lord Coke, "Of worldly blessings I account it not the least, that in the beginning of my study of the laws of this realm, the courts of justice, both of equity and of law,

were furnished with men of excellent gravity and wisdom.
* * * Of these reverend judges and others, their associates, I must ingeniously confess that I learnt many things." Similar tribute Lansing was accustomed to bear to these great men, who fortunately for him presided over his *cunabula legis* (cradles of the law).

Now equipped for his profession, Lansing soon took up its work in Albany. When his brother William, of the Class of 1857 of Williams College, had completed his studies, they formed a partnership for the general practice of law. It became evident, without either intermissions or delays, that Lansing, in all his associations, merited a high rank among his fellow-men. In 1868 he was City Attorney. In 1869 he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court, and he published the first seven volumes of the series of "Supreme Court Reports." He was a Democrat in politics, and at one time at the head of his party's County Committee. In 1874, under a Republican administration, he was appointed, by Governor Dix, Acting State Treasurer during the illness and incapacity of the incumbent of the office. In 1876 he was made Corporation Counsel of Albany and in 1882 he was elected to the State Senate by more than a party vote. In that body he had charge of important legislation and the title of Senator clung to him long after he retired. He occupied many positions of responsibility and trust. No name was more frequently to be found on the boards of commissioners, governors, directors and trustees of the large institutions of the city than his. Thus he served for a term on the parks, and was brought into the direction of banks, of the Boys'

Academy, of the Girls' Academy, of the Hospital, the Rural Cemetery, the Observatory and others, where he assiduously performed his duties, and in some of these places he remained many years. Take him all in all, he was a fine man, of strong character, whom it honored every one to appreciate and respect.

BY BENJAMIN W. JOHNSON

My acquaintance with Senator Abraham Lansing dates from the time of his election as Trustee of the Albany Savings Bank, December 21, 1881, but it was not until nearly the close of his service with this institution that opportunity was afforded me to know and appreciate those qualities of mind and heart which so endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact.

The first impression given by his dignified and reserved manner was that he was cold and uninterested in those outside of his immediate circle of friends. It did not take long to change this estimate when meeting him either socially or in the course of business, when it was evident that he was full of interest and sympathy and helpfulness towards his fellow-men and his kind and courteous greeting was something always to be remembered. He was firm and uncompromising in his convictions of right, never swerving from his position unless convinced that he was in error, and then he was quick to acknowledge his mistake.

To the Board of Trustees he not only added dignity and distinction, but was a helpful and conservative force in its

deliberations. It was, however, in connection with the memorials which he prepared on the occasion of removal by death of some of his associates that his warm human sympathy, his keen discernment of character and his mastery of our language was evinced. There was never any fulsome praise, such as is too often characteristic, but an appreciation of every quality of his departed friend which was worthy of record and a message of comfort and helpfulness to those most nearly concerned.

BY THE HON. ROBERT C. PRUYN

As my kinsman and very dear friend, who was always a courteous gentleman and a charming companion, I often speak of Mr. Lansing as one of the old school we see so little of nowadays and miss so much in our hurried life.

As I am writing in my office, at the Commercial Bank, I cannot help but think of Mr. Lansing in his business life, where I knew him probably better than almost any one, for, during fifteen years of my presidency and until his death, he was the counsel of the bank. He was constant and untiring in his loyalty, patient and resourceful in difficulties, just and yet charitable and sympathetic, and altogether, one of the best Directors the bank has ever had. Mr. Lansing's conservatism was so well known that many people have been surprised when I have told them that he was one of the most progressive men connected with our institution during the period of its upbuilding. He always encouraged me towards broader ideas and improved methods, and I feel deeply indebted to

him, personally, and think that I express the feelings of all who were associated with him when I say that I believe this institution owes much to him as one of its ablest and most faithful friends.

LETTERS

LETTERS

LAS CRUCES, N. MEXICO, Oct. 29, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

Having been exiled to this desert by my physician on account of obdurate throat trouble, I only learned a few days ago, by letter from our classmate, Fitch, of Rochester, of your bereavement. This morning I have the clippings forwarded from New York, which you were good enough to send me, acquainting me with the grief of his contemporaries and their estimation of the virtues of their associate.

I remember well the first time I saw Mr. Lansing—one September day at Williamstown, near half a century ago; a tall, slender, graceful, pallid youth, holding a sun umbrella over an aged man whom I supposed to be his father, though I did not know his name, as they walked slowly up the western slope toward the old “West College.” I see one of the obituaries says he entered sophomore in 1852; I had thought we were freshmen together, but in any event, we were classmates and became inseparable friends.

My intimacies in this world have been few with men, and my affection for him was the strongest I have ever known. As I recall him now from the dim shadows of that early time,

his nature seems to me the gentlest and purest and noblest of them all.

Shortly after graduation, I came west and was lost in the obscure life of the frontier, so that our acquaintance ended, but I have always remembered him with the sincerest friendship. His departure breaks the most enduring tie that held me to the past; and the hereafter can have no greater felicity than the pleasure of meeting him again.

Very respectfully,

JOHN J. INGALLS.

Nov. 24, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I am obliged to you for the expressions in your note. In the death of your husband, I felt the loss of a friend whose intercourse was always a source of pleasure to me during my stay in Albany. His loss to you must have been most severe, and you have the merited sympathy of all your friends and of those who knew him.

Pure in life, of high attainments, lovable in character and affable in his relations to others, possessing the respect and confidence of his associates and of the public, for whom he so often and ably worked, his loss is a great one and must be felt more generally than usual. I miss him, and shall miss him, as the valued friend and the associate in many pleasant reunions.

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. GRAY.

ALBANY, January 1, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

At my New Year's Eve supper, at which your dear husband and my valued friend had been so often the welcome guest, I read the enclosed lines, which I now enclose to you.

Believe me to be, with very sincere regard,

Your friend,

J. C. GRAY.

In Memoriam

ABRAHAM LANSING

(obit October, 1899.)

Cherished hopes, which tinged our friendship
With the light of coming years,
Like the lovely morning vapors,
Shone for us, then changed to tears.
But the soul exhaled to Heaven
Floats above our cares and fears,
And the world beyond is brighter,
Where no mist obscures the sight.
Informed in mind, of winning grace,
We have loved him as we might,
And the mem'ry of his sweetness
Cheers a lonely home and hearth.
For the heart now sad and restless,
Pray God's aid the coming year!

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1899-1900.

ALBANY, Oct. 4, 1899.

THE TEN EYCK.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I realize nothing can be said at this time that will afford you the slightest consolation, but I beg to express my profound and tender sympathy.

I would I might do something to help you bear this great sorrow, but the pity of it is that all human aid is impotent.

May God comfort and keep you!

Yours ever sincerely,

EDWARD T. BARTLETT.

Mrs. Abraham Lansing.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Oct. 9, 1899.

DEAR MRS. LANSING:

Several days ago I saw a notice in the New York papers of the death of Mr. Lansing; but I have not yet heard anything concerning the causes which led to this most lamentable event. I need not tell you, dear Mrs. Lansing, how this death of my old friend has shocked me. It was one of the principal things in our delightful residence in Albany to have always counted yourself and Mr. Lansing among our warmest friends. He was so true and sincere, so ready and efficient to help his friends, so sound in his judgment of men and things, that he was the man above all others to whom one would turn in any question of doubt or difficulty. How many

times I have sought him out and found satisfaction in his kind and sensible advice! His experience in public affairs, his high-toned standard of action, his amiable and persuasive personality made him everywhere loved and esteemed. Albany will be to me a different place, wanting in one of its most attractive features, now that his engaging presence is no longer there.

Dear Mrs. Lansing, after I have read over these lines that I have written, it seems almost selfish to dwell thus upon the loss of others, and forget your deep and overwhelming sense of bereavement. What is all this sorrow of others compared with your unutterable loss? You, who have parted with your best and closest friend! Your one reliance in every circumstance, the joy of your life and the sympathizer in every sorrow!

What can we say that can comfort or reassure you? If it is any mitigation of your grief to know that we sympathize with you and mourn the death of one whom we loved and admired, of that we can confidently assure you.

Mrs. Murray, who joins me in affectionate regard for the memory of dear Mr. Lansing, joins me also in love and sympathy to you in this your sorrowful bereavement. May God bless and comfort you, dear Mrs. Lansing, and may the memory of the good man who has been your companion so long, continue to bedew your solitary years with a lasting benediction!

Very sincerely yours,

DAVID MURRAY.

Mrs. A. Lansing, Albany.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I have come back here only for one night to find that the shadow of the great sorrow has fallen upon you. I am obliged to be away from Albany to-morrow and to-day so that I cannot come in person to assure you of my very true sympathy. So I hope you will allow me as one who has had share in the joys and sorrows of your life to tell you how truly I feel for you and pray God to bless and comfort you.

Very faithfully, your friend,

WM. CROSWELL DOANE.

Oct. 4, 1899.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I was much moved and affected by reading in the papers, while on my way here, of the death of Mr. Lansing. Since I saw him in the hospital I have thought that this might happen, but I have hoped that there might be a restoration to health and that he might be long with us. I first knew Mr. Lansing familiarly and well in 1882 when he was in the Senate and I in the Assembly. Since then I have met him and been associated with him in a business way. I had learned to love him as a friend as well as to respect him as a citizen and a lawyer. It may be grateful to you that I recall what Daniel Manning once said to me, "It is worth while to get into politics and

to be in politics if only to be associated with such a man as Abraham Lansing."

I shall consider my acquaintance with Mr. Lansing as one of the pleasant episodes of my life. But in saying all this I say nothing to lighten the burden of grief that you must bear alone. I can say that I sympathize with you, but all that I can say means nothing but words—words—mere words.

My dear Mrs. Lansing, believe me that I mean, though I cannot say, more than words. It may seem to you perfunctory for me to say that you may command me if I can be of service to you, yet what more can I say or do?

We need not pray for the repose of his soul, for he is forever at rest. If at rest without knowledge of the past we cannot help it, but still he is at rest. If he lies in another and an eternal world, you can look forward to a happy reunion with him, and in the other world you can be sure that his works do follow him. I sympathize with you and wish I could say words to comfort you, but words are merely words.

With heartfelt sympathy, sincerely yours,

C. E. PATTERSON.

DUDLEY OBSERVATORY, Oct. 4, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

Mrs. Boss joins me in heartfelt condolence with you in the great loss you have experienced to-day. Mr. Lansing's death will be felt by the whole community in which he was

held in the highest esteem, as I have had frequent occasion to know.

I have heard almost daily reports as to the progress of his illness, and, therefore, I was not wholly unprepared for the sad news to-day.

I wish to assure you that I feel Mr. Lansing's death as a personal loss, and while I have secluded myself in my work for the past few years, the result has been to have always with me a keen appreciation and gratitude as to the friends, like Mr. Lansing, who have done so much to help this institution and so much to make my life pleasant.

I fervently hope that you will find strength and consolation to enable you to bear up under your sad bereavement.

Your sincere friend,

LEWIS BOSS.

LOOMIS HILL FARM,

ONONDAGA, Oct. 15, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I thank you sincerely for sending me the tributes of the press and of various organizations with which he was associated, of the dear one who has gone. They are appreciative of the public work which he did, and reflect the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens; but they cannot tell how tenderly he was beloved by those who were privileged to know him well. I can truly say that it has not been my lot

to know a truer, a more honorable or gentler spirit than his. There come to me many dear memories of my earlier association with him; of our college class-mates, he was by far the most favored in form and features, and his outward graces were but the index of the gracious soul within. We all loved him. I have been able to follow his career in later years, and have noted with pride the public honors which have so justly been bestowed upon him. I have rejoiced at his success, but it is only that which I predicted in the college days, now over forty years ago. He has been manly, courteous, generous throughout, and will be held in fond remembrance and highest regard by all who knew him.

I cannot venture to intrude upon your grief, and offer unavailing consolation in your supreme loss. Words are weak at such a time and they seem to me impertinent. The heart of the stricken one knows its own anguish and there is no balm for the hurt even, I am constrained to say, in the promises of immortality and the hope of reunion. Time and the memories of the dear companionship can only bring relief. Be assured, however, my dear madam, that my sympathy with you is sincere and profound, because I believe I know something of him whom you have lost and how grievous must be that loss.

We are to have a meeting of the Class of 1855 at Williams-town next June, alas, with sadly depleted ranks, but how we shall miss him, our latest lost and certainly among our best and fairest ones!

Most sincerely yours,

CHAS. E. FITCH.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I send to you the Minutes of the Meeting of the Bar of this County, held to take action upon the death of Mr. Lansing. I can assure you that a feeling of sincere regret was manifest at the great loss which the Bar has sustained, and those who spoke at the meeting gave voice to the unanimous sentiment of the lawyers of this County and the State.

I desire to add my assurance of sympathy for you and my personal regards.

Yours very truly,

Wm. P. RUDD.

November the 4th, 1899.

MONTRÉAL, 23rd October, 1899.

MY DEAR OLcott:

I have been so completely upset by the news of the death of my dear friend Lansing, that I have hardly felt equal to the task of writing and thanking you for the papers containing accounts of his death, that you so kindly sent me. They were all read with sad interest. I had a letter from him, written by an amanuensis at Block Island, in which he told me how ill he had been; but said that he was much better, and was hopeful of soon being all right again. I fully intended writing him an answer at once, but I was unusually busy preparing for the opening of my Medical School and the intention escaped my memory. One evening, going over an accumulation of let-

ters, I came across his, and at once made a "memo" in pencil on my blotting pad, "write Lansing." Next morning I saw the announcement of his death in the "Montreal Gazette," and need hardly say how distressed I was. No death, among outside friends, has for years so deeply affected me. His courtesy, his big heart, so constantly evinced to myself and the other members of our little club on the river, had so endeared him to me and to them that his memory will be lovingly cherished by us all. If I live to return next year to the river, his absence will indeed be a blank.

Never having met his wife, will you convey to her my deep sympathy in her great bereavement?

If you have time I would be glad to know the cause of his death, for when I bade him good bye on the Ristigouche, no thought of his death entered my mind.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

FRANCIS W. CAMPBELL.

Dudley Olcott, Esq., Albany.

115 ACADEMY STREET,

POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 5, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I have just read with surprise and sorrow in the "Albany Journal" of last evening the announcement of your husband's death. I had heard nothing of his illness, and was, therefore,

shocked by the tidings of his departure. I can scarcely credit the fact that he is no longer among the living.

I knew Mr. Lansing when we were fellow students in Williams College, and held him in high esteem. That esteem was increased during my residence in Albany where I regarded him as one of the capital's first citizens. I deplore, in connection with his death, the loss of a noble man and a true friend.

To you the loss is irreparable, and in your grief you have my sincere sympathy. Words are empty in the presence of such a bereavement, but I cannot forbear to tell you that Mrs. Holmes and I both feel for you most deeply in your present distress. May the God of all comfort sustain and solace you!

With kindest regards and warmest sympathies in which Mrs. Holmes unites, I am

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN McCLELLAN HOLMES.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Oct. 7, 1899.

DEAR MRS. LANSING:

Permit me to express my deep sympathy with you in the loss of your noble husband. It has not been my good fortune to enjoy his intimate companionship as did my brother, but I knew him well and recognized his thoroughly high type of character.

I know that he never allowed even a shadow to come be-

tween him and the pursuit of all that is best and highest in our nature, and I am sure that there is no man who knew him who does not feel that the community has suffered the loss of a man who could always be relied upon as an earnest advocate of the best interests of humanity.

Were there more like him, how vastly better the world would be!

Sincerely yours,

WHEELER H. PECKHAM.

ROME, February 3, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

You are very kind to write me at such length and with such candor. Though Mr. Lansing's nature was to me an almost unknown quantity, there was no one in Albany whom I wanted more to know; for there was no one whom I (in common with every Albanian) more thoroughly respected.

Were there more men of his earnest and disinterested public spirit, we should not be behind the rest of the world in so many respects. It is indeed mysterious that such a man should be taken when there are so many useless idlers and self-seekers, who lower the standards of life and leave the world no whit better for having passed through it. That could not be said of Abraham Lansing by an enemy—if he ever had one.

Yours, with great sympathy,

GEO. DOUGLAS MILLER.

397 STATE ST., ALBANY, N. Y., *October 6, 1899.*

DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I want to tell you how fond I have always been of Mr. Lansing, how much I have admired his splendid manhood, which was so strong and yet so gentle; how I have always looked up to him as the embodiment of those qualities that go to make the noble, pure, dignified gentleman. When you said to me a few days ago, "He is a lovely man," I felt that you had completely and accurately described him.

It is a personal loss to me that his elevating influence has ceased except as a memory which will be immortal.

I am sorrowing with you, dear Mrs. Lansing, and pray God may help you.

Faithfully yours,

GRANGE SARD.

Oct. 10, 1899.

Saturday afternoon as I lay in bed, I took up the prayer book and followed the church service, so as to be with you in spirit. I will not say what a cruel disappointment it was to me that I could not go down to Albany, for I know that you understand that if it had been a possible thing for me, I would have done it. I cannot realize that our dear, dear friend has been taken from us and that we shall never look upon his like again, for he was the pattern of a noble, unselfish, kindly, strong Christian gentleman. No words are good enough to

tell of him or of his gentle spirit that thought no evil. I have read the different notices in the papers, and for once they do not say too much.

Yours always,

A. W.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., Oct. 18, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I have been intending for some days past to send you my assurance of deepest sympathy with you in this dark hour of sadness.

I had not heard of your husband's illness, so that the blow was doubly sharp. Mr. Lansing was one whom I greatly admired, and though we saw so little of each other, I greatly honored and esteemed him, as did all who knew him. None but those who have passed through these same deep waters of affliction can truly sympathize with you; none other can know the loneliness and the loss of one upon whom we had always relied for advice and guidance. You, my dear friend, know whence alone help can come to you, and you will find that God's promises are sure.

Words are useless in this sacred hour of grief, I know, and yet the sympathy of friends is sweet, so I have ventured to tell you how much I feel for you.

Believe me, ..

Yours lovingly,

JUSTINE V. R. TOWNSEND.

LANSINGBURGH, Nov. 4, 1899.

DEAR MRS. LANSING:

Your kind letter, enclosing the newspaper notices concerning your dear husband, came to hand by due course of mail and were read with unusual interest, and I thank you for them. While my heart responded right heartily to all the "good words and comfortable words" that were written and spoken about the perfect and upright man who has melted from your embrace, I could not help thinking that "the half was not told," the half could not be told. He was a four-square man all along the way he went to enter in through the gates into the city that lieth four-square. He was, moreover, a man greatly beloved by all who knew him; and I am only one of many who leaned on him and found in him "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." When he was laid away in the place of peaceful rest I could not refrain from saying the last few farewell words, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

I do not wonder that your "home is lonely enough without the dear man who was so true, so honest, so good," whose companionship was a constant benediction to you and whose presence would be brighter than the brightest sunshine in that shady place. But though your house is left so desolate, and you have been called to part with your nearest and dearest earthly friend, I think you ought to be a happy woman. You ought to be a happy woman because you had such a husband; you ought to be a twice happy woman because you had him so long to double your joys and to divide your sorrows; nay,

more, and better, you ought to be a thrice happy woman because you have him still in Heaven, where he will be waiting with our good Master to welcome you to the home that will never be darkened or left desolate. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Thanking you again for your thoughtful kindness, and praying that in your sacred sorrow you may have the sweetest comfort and the strongest consolation and the abiding presence of our ever living, ever loving and never dying Saviour who is all and in all, I am yours in the covenant "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

ALEXANDER DICKSON.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH RECTORY,

49 ERSKINE STREET, DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 16, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

My long absence from Albany has crowded out of my mind many things, but not of you and of those very dear to you. A notice in an Albany paper, which has just been brought to my attention, prompts me to send you a line expressive of deep sympathy for you and to tell you what I have often wanted to tell you of grateful recollections of the past. The instances of tender regard and the interchange of affection between

your home and those dearest to me have always been cherished.

The associations I had with Mr. Lansing, connected with Williams College, made him feel very near to me as a friend. He was truly a noble man. The comfort and consolation of your Christian faith must come to your aid at this time. Your trust will remain true, I hope, through these days of sadness. What could we do were it not for the expectation of a resurrection and a reunion?

You will believe me, I trust,

Very sincerely yours,

RUFUS W. CLARK.

DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I cannot express to you how grieved we have been by Mr. Lansing's death, or how much we have thought of you and felt for you in these days of trial. We all consider his death a personal loss. Our friendship began so many years ago and has remained steadfast and unbroken, and has been to us a constant source of pleasure and profit. I think there was no one outside of his immediate family that my father had as much affection for as for him. He admired him on account of his ability as a lawyer and his attainments as a student, and he loved him for the noble and gentle traits of character which he possessed to so marked a degree. We have often talked

about him and have always decided he was one of the finest gentlemen and one of the noblest hearted men we had ever known.

You have our deepest sympathy and we all wish we could help you. You must always remember that we have not only been your friend but also his, and now that he is gone, we want to do all we can for you.

Sincerely yours,

PEYTON F. MILLER.

Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1899.

INDIAN LAKE, HAMILTON Co., N. Y., Feb. 15, 1900.

MRS. ABRAHAM LANSING, RESPECTED MADAM:

Your letter of Jan. 29 came while I was absent from home, having been in Canada for a short time, and was shocked to here of Mr. Lansing's death. My memery takes me back Long years ago when I had the Pleasure of accompaning Mr. Lansing as Guide from Blue mountain to the Saranacks, being the first Party that had Ever made the trip throug from here, as we had onely Cut out a Road to Blue mountain Lake that Season, up to that time my whole Life had been in the woods asosiated with Lumbermen and my astonishment and Surprise at the maners as up to that time I had not ever met an Educated and cultured Gentleman, and in all the years of our aquantance nothing ever Ocured to change the good opinion

that I formed of a true Gentleman as I then saw it in Mr. Lansing, and my sympathy is Extended to you in this great Loss, one which can never be Repaired.

I Remain Respectfully yours,

ISAAC KENWELL.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

I have thought of you day by day since my return home and after your great sorrow came to you. I know so well the dreariness and desolation that comes to one when all that is beautiful in life is taken from us, and I fully realize the depth of your grief, and I want you to know of my deep, heartfelt and loving sympathy for you. The beautiful character of your husband that won the admiration of every one will never be forgotten by those that had the honor of his friendship or acquaintance.

You have a great deal to be thankful for in the years of delightful companionship that have been vouchsafed to you. Memories are not satisfying but they are comforting.

Believe me in tenderest and most loving sympathy,

Faithfully, your friend,

M. MARGARETTA MANNING.

153 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y.,

November the 5th, 1899.

606 JAMES ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MY DEAR MRS. LANSING:

We are thinking of you this bright day, when you are to lay your dear one away, and of the deep sorrow which is yours. Such consolation as the knowledge of Mr. Lansing's noble, well-spent life can give is truly yours, but I well know that the heart loneliness which you feel cannot be assuaged by the warm sympathy which we all feel for you.

Mr. Andrews and I regret that we cannot be in Albany to-day to add our tribute of love and respect to one whom we have long deemed a dear friend.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Lansing, with much love,

Your friend,

MARCIA S. ANDREWS.

October seventh, 1899.

PUBLIC TRIBUTES

PUBLIC TRIBUTES

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALBANY COUNTY BAR

AT A MEETING HELD OCTOBER 7, 1899, TO TAKE

ACTION UPON THE DEATH OF

HONORABLE ABRAHAM LANSING

A MEETING of the Albany County Bar was held in the Supreme Court room in the City Hall, Albany, on the seventh day of October, 1899, to take action upon the death of Abraham Lansing. Mr. Justice Rufus W. Peckham was chosen and acted as Chairman of the meeting.

Upon taking the chair, Mr. Peckham spoke with great feeling of the high character of Abraham Lansing, of whom he had been an intimate friend for forty years.

Mr. William P. Rudd, Mr. James F. Tracey and Mr. John De Witt Peltz were chosen to act as secretaries of the meeting. The Chairman appointed Hon. Charles E. Patterson, Lewis E. Carr, Abraham V. De Witt, Isaac Lawson and John A. Delehanty as a Committee to prepare and present to the meeting an expression of the Bar upon the loss which it has sustained by the death of Abraham Lansing.

The following tributes to the memory of Abraham Lansing were pronounced:

HON. HAMILTON HARRIS:

"My esteem for the late Hon. Abraham Lansing as a prominent lawyer, a delightful companion and a personal friend, induces me to speak in honor of his memory. He was a successful practitioner in our courts for more than forty years, and became endeared to the members of the Albany Bar by his genial manners, upright conduct and pure character.

By birth and descent he was a true Albanian. He was a native of Albany, having an ancestry which had been identified with the city from its earliest days and had filled with credit many public offices.

Having received a collegiate education, Mr. Lansing brought to the study of the law a cultivated mind and became a thorough and successful lawyer and wise counsellor. He was careful and conscientious in the practice of the law and gave great study and labor to his cases. He was calm and sound in judgment, with a firm grasp upon principles. His arguments in the courts were well considered and presented with strength.

The public, appreciating the sterling qualities of Mr. Lansing, chose him to fill a large round of important positions of trust and responsibility. He had been City Attorney, Corporation Counsel, State Treasurer, Supreme Court Reporter and State Senator. In all these various offices he acquitted himself with satisfaction to the public and credit to himself. As Senator he took an active and influential part in legislation.

He was zealously interested in the welfare of the city and its institutions. His services and counsel were sought for by

its civic, business and benevolent organizations and societies, and he became a respected member of many boards. He was the Senior Director of the Commercial Bank, a Trustee of the Albany Savings Bank, the Albany Academy, the Medical College, the Rural Cemetery, the Dudley Observatory, a Governor of the Albany Hospital, a member of the Board of Park Commissioners and a foundation member of the Fort Orange Club.

He was a good and useful citizen in all the relations of life and faithful to every employment in which he engaged and every trust that was reposed in him. The number of important offices he was chosen to fill and the various trusts which he was selected to execute attest the high estimation of his integrity and capacity and appreciation of his worth entertained by the public.

Distinguished in his appearance, erect in carriage, with affable manners, always kindly and cordial, Mr. Lansing was an interesting and companionable man. A lover of letters and books, he found diversion from the dry pursuits of the law in the pleasures of literature and society. His refined tastes and reserved temperament conduced to considerate rather than demonstrative action in his professional, as in private, life. He was a thorough gentleman by instinct and education—the type of courtesy and the soul of honor.

We mourn his loss and desire to place upon record tributes of affection to his memory."

HON. SIMON W. ROSENDALE:

"Since the Bar of Albany County has been sufficiently numerous to have a roster, such a list has doubtless contained the name of Lansing; since the beginning of the century it certainly has, and among them have been men of prominence and eminence.

The Lansing of our time and our generation, Abraham Lansing, was a type of man and lawyer whom it is a delight to recall, of whom it is a pleasure to speak.

He fulfilled many duties, public and private; he was an active practicing lawyer; he had been Supreme Court Reporter; he had been State Senator; whatever he did he did well. As a lawyer he was painstaking, conscientious, thorough. The reports of appealed cases indicate his labors; his causes were most thoroughly prepared and successfully tried and argued.

Recent close relations with him in a long-contested railroad litigation only confirmed previous experiences—that he was a man who knew his cases thoroughly and was prepared on every point.

In his intercourse with brethren of the profession, his courtesy was unbounded. He always manifested the greatest respect; his manner, both to the Bench and Bar, might well serve as a model for professional deportment. As Supreme Court Reporter his work shows thoroughness, comprehension of the points decided and conciseness of statement, qualities to which reporters owe their success.

As Senator he served his term with loftiest ideals of duty,

and no measure could secure his approval which had not passed the criticism of his most conscientious scrutiny. He served a temporary period as State Treasurer under circumstances which demonstrated his generosity and humanity.

As a citizen he appreciated and well met his obligations; he was identified with many institutions, religious and secular, public and private, such as go to make up a modern municipality.

Director in a Bank of Discount; Trustee of a Savings Bank; Governor of the Hospital; Trustee of the Boys' Academy; in the Governing Boards of other organizations, his was a name on the Directing Boards of Albany's most prominent institutions. He represented Albany's oldest, truest and most devoted citizenship.

He was a most refined gentleman, who in an unusual manner reminded one of the courtliness, dignity and politeness of days gone by. He was a constant reminder of the best manners of generations ago, and it would be difficult to find a better representative of a refined, considerate, high-minded gentleman than Abraham Lansing.

It is an oriental custom that a lighted taper reminds the relatives and friends of the departed one. If such were our methods, the light which would represent Abraham Lansing would shed clear and gentle rays, recalling the placid and lovely manly characteristics of which he was possessed. He was cultivated in intellect, charming in manner, able in his profession, a public spirited and model citizen.

The Bar of this county may well cherish the memory of one who reflected so much credit on the profession and the community."

HON. AMASA J. PARKER:

"*Mr. Chairman*—In adding my testimonial on this occasion I would preface my remarks by saying that it was my great privilege to know Abraham Lansing from my early youth, and intimately. Later on, when I attained my majority and was admitted to the Bar, Mr. Lansing was well established in his profession and had already acquired a high reputation.

For upwards of forty years Mr. Lansing was a quiet, thorough, diligent and successful practitioner. He was equally able before a jury at *nisi prius* as in the Appellate Courts of this State. He was most painstaking in collecting and arraying his facts; his briefs showed a thorough knowledge of the law, and his presentation of the case demonstrated force, sagacity and eloquence of no ordinary character. But aside from distinction in trial and arguments in the courts, the great proportion of his professional career was most closely confined to his office. This was the result of the character of the business in his charge as well as a natural preference on his part for quiet and deliberate work, and it was always exceptionally well done. He always gave to his client the most entire devotion, excluding all consideration of self or time, whatever it cost.

In public life Mr. Lansing served this, the city of his birth, and his State with the same loyalty, ability and distinction that gave him high prominence at the Bar. He served the State as Supreme Court Reporter, as State Treasurer, and later as a Senator; and the city as City Attorney and Corporation

Counsel, and later as a Washington Park Commissioner for many years.

He was a diligent and devoted Trustee in many of our prominent public, financial and educational institutions, and was always interested in plans for public expansion and improvements.

He was devoted to his home and friends, and while firm in his religious views, was most tolerant and liberal towards men differing from him.

Mr. Lansing was the embodiment of honor, integrity and true manhood, and his influence throughout a long and busy life was always for the good of the community, and the results of his influence will long be felt.

Gentlemen of the Albany Bar, I can sum up all in a few words: One of our number, Abraham Lansing, a gracious and dignified man of the 'Old School,' upright, able and learned, God-fearing and truthful, loyal in his belief, clean in all his methods, full of honors, and who has endeared himself to all who knew him, has been summoned hence and crossed the dark river and entered into Life Eternal, there to receive that crown promised to the faithful."

MR. JOHN DE WITT PELTZ:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Albany Bar*—I cannot refrain from adding briefly to what has been said and so well said here to-day regarding Mr. Abraham Lansing, be-

cause there is a phase of his character and a range of his activities which has not been alluded to, and which it seems to me should be mentioned in order to present a complete picture of his life.

Mr. Lansing was at the time of his death the Senior Vestryman of St. Peter's Church in this city. Since 1887 he has rendered faithful and constant service as an officer of that organization. And having been associated with him for several years past as a fellow Vestryman, I am able to speak with knowledge of all that he has done so well in that sphere of usefulness.

Almost the last matters of business to which he gave his attention before he left home, upon the vacation which terminated in his fatal illness, concerned the affairs of St. Peter's Church, and I well remember the force and clearness with which he discussed them and the satisfactory conclusions which he reached. He spoke then of other things to be attended to on his return from his vacation, and he gave little indication of failing physical powers at that time.

Mr. Lansing was a most useful officer of St. Peter's Church and a worthy successor to the many distinguished and able men who have managed its affairs in the past.

He was modest and retiring, but always ready to do his share and more than his share of the work of the parish. He was often appealed to when questions of policy or matters requiring sound business judgment arose, and he never disappointed those who relied on him.

I can well remember occasions when his quiet and convincing suggestions showed clearly the best solution of problems

under discussion, and I remember a recent notable occasion when a few quiet words from him settled at once a difficult question which had been discussed by others with some perplexity.

He will be missed in the councils of St. Peter's quite as much as in those of the many other institutions with which he was connected, and it seems fitting that at this time every reminiscence of his faithfulness and usefulness should be called to mind and recorded.

There is one other circumstance to which I allude with some hesitation, but in the belief that you all value it as I do. A dear friend of his told me that he saw and conversed with Mr. Lansing after he was stricken with his fatal illness, and that Mr. Lansing then said that he realized fully his condition and knew that he could not recover his health. And he added that he knew well what the future had in store for him, and that he was ready.

It seems to me that no better eulogium can be pronounced on the life and character of this noble man than to recite the fact that, having so much to live for as he had, when the inevitable summons came which must come to us all to leave everything that is desirable in this world and to go forward into the great untried hereafter, he was ready."

HON. EDWIN COUNTRYMAN:

"*Mr. Chairman*—I heartily concur in all that has been said of our deceased professional brother. He was certainly a

genial, social, courteous, refined and cultured gentleman. He was strictly conscientious and faithful in all the relations of life. He was, moreover, a most unobtrusive and unassuming man. I have sometimes thought that his retiring disposition and his disinclination to assume positions which his ability and character gave him a right to occupy, not only hindered and arrested the full development of his powers, but darkened and concealed from his best acquaintances and nearest friends the penetrating and far reaching mental force he held in reserve.

Mr. Lansing was a most estimable, highly deserving and painstaking lawyer. I never knew a man more careful and exact in ascertaining, or more tenacious in upholding and protecting his clients' interests. He would never recognize any distinction or difference in the duty he owed his client, whether that client was a private person or corporation, or the people at large in the community he was called upon to serve. He gave to all his employers, public and private, his unremitting attention and best efforts, yielding nothing to claimants against the city he represented from personal sympathy or political influence, or to avoid additional labor for himself.

His work as reporter of the Supreme Court affords, perhaps, the best evidence available to the public of his unwearied assiduity, close application and patient devotion to duty in rendering the official and professional services imposed upon him in the course of his active life. It may truthfully be said of his seven volumes of reports, what may be affirmed of comparatively few other official or unofficial reports of decisions

in this or any other State, that they compare favorably with the seven volumes of reports of his most illustrious predecessor, Nicholas Hill, who was, I think, the most expert, proficient and consummate lawyer this country has yet produced. Most of us have had occasion, some of us frequently, to examine and study many of the decisions reported by Mr. Lansing, and we have invariably found concise and yet comprehensive preliminary statements of all the facts essential to a proper understanding of the opinion of the court. He was not content to palm off his report of a decision with the stereotyped statement of most of our reporters: 'The facts will be found in the opinion.' We know, and the reporters ought to know that, as a rule, all the essential facts are not to be found in the opinion, which is written upon the assumption that the reporter will state the material facts. Mr. Lansing appreciated the important truth that the practical value of a passing remark or of the statement of a general proposition in a judicial opinion lies in the application of it to the facts of the case, and he was too honest a workman to avoid or omit the most important part of his duty as a reporter.

Indeed, he never slighted or slurred over his work in any of the callings, official or professional, in which he served. To use his own language on a similar occasion, in speaking of an eminent lawyer at this bar, who had passed away: 'In the performance of his arduous labors he seemed ever to be working at his best. There was no flurry, no impatience, no precipitancy, no importunity for delay, no want of time for what might be necessary, no want of thoroughness in what he undertook. Each duty seemed to be met as it arose, and

was dispatched with facility and with an unerring insight into its requirements.'

It may also be said of him, as he said of his friend on the occasion to which I have alluded: 'He was no recluse. He loved good company and the gayeties of social life. His mind was imbued with a keen interest in public affairs, and it is not to be supposed that he was without ambition to share in their preferments, and to a considerable extent he did so share, notably as a member of the Senate of this State. But he was absolutely without ambition to attain to any place or position by a sacrifice or compromise of his convictions, or by arts which would not bear the severest criticisms of honorable men.'

His life is now closed, and his remains are about to be committed to their last resting place. What lies beyond we cannot know. But this we know, that he has left behind a life without a stain and an honorable name."

HON. CHARLES E. PATTERSON, as Chairman of the Committee appointed to prepare suitable resolutions, in presenting them for the consideration of the meeting, spoke as follows:

"*Mr. Chairman*—I present this minute and these resolutions under the instructions of the committee of which I am chairman. I feel that to add a word in support of them may offend the proprieties of the occasion, but it is hard for me to let this moment go by without saying at least a single word of tribute to the memory of Abraham Lansing. Whatever I

may say cannot add to the weight of what has already been eloquently said by those who have addressed you. Indeed, I can say nothing that to my mind will materially emphasize anything that has already been said. In listening to those who have spoken before me, I have been much impressed with the one sentiment that has run through the minds of all the speakers, as expressed in the words they have given utterance to. It is this: Abraham Lansing was always recognized as a gentleman. In America, the word 'Gentleman' has a significance that it is not accorded in the mother country from which our language is descended. A gentleman is not necessarily a person of high birth, or of rank. He is a man at all times of honor, and in addition to that, he is a man that has worth which is displayed in his recognition of the rights of others, and in his recognition of the wants of others. Never forgetting what is due to himself, he is always an altruist, and regards the rights of others as equal with his own. Such a man was Abraham Lansing. It is not sufficient to say that he did no wrong. He was so constituted that it was impossible for him to do a thing which he regarded as wrong. In connection with that, or beyond that, he always recognized the rights of others, not only in a courteous recognition of their rights, but in outward acts demonstrating that their rights must be respected and that their wants were as dear to him as the wants of his own individual person. Loyal to all interests intrusted to him in his profession, in business life, in charitable enterprises and in offices of State, in his association with his fellow men, whether for purposes of business or of pleasure, at all times he was a gentleman."

The following minute was unanimously adopted as a fit expression of the loss which the Bar of Albany County has sustained in the death of Hon. Abraham Lansing:

"Abraham Lansing, a distinguished member of the Bar of this county, died at his residence in Albany on the 4th day of October, 1899, at the age of sixty-four years. He was born in this city, and this was always his place of residence. By inheritance he was possessed of noble qualities, which no act of his ever tarnished. To his endowments by nature were added the acquirements of a liberal education. He became a lawyer, and in his profession acquired eminence. His fidelity to the interests of his clients was marked and his industry and ability made his service to them of the greatest value. In the line of his profession he was called to official positions in which he was always faithful to the trusts reposed in him. His worth was recognized beyond the limits of his profession, and he was called upon to fill many places of responsibility in business and social organizations, as well as to hold office in the service of the city and State. His record as acting State Treasurer, as Corporation Counsel, as Supreme Court Reporter and as State Senator, was always clean, and in these offices he earned most worthy distinction. In addition to his marked intellectual characteristics, he had a kindly heart and courteous manner, which secured to him the affection of all who knew him. Those who did know him appreciate that beyond the loss which the municipality and State have sustained, they have lost a friend. It is, therefore, now

Resolved, That this minute be presented to the Trial Term

of the Supreme Court now in session, and a motion be made that it be entered upon the minutes of the court, and that a copy thereof, subscribed by the Chairman and Secretary of this meeting, be transmitted to the widow of the deceased.

(Signed.)

CHARLES E. PATTERSON.

LEWIS E. CARR.

ABRAHAM V. DE WITT.

I. LAWSON.

JOHN A. DELEHANTY."

The following letter was read by one of the secretaries of the meeting:

ALBANY, N. Y., *October 6, 1899.*

HON. RUFUS W. PECKHAM, *Chairman:*

SIR.—I sincerely regret, by reason of necessary absence from the city, my inability to attend the meeting of the Albany Bar, called for Saturday, to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of Abraham Lansing. While the regard in which he was held will be voiced by men who have known him longer and more intimately, I am very certain none held him in higher esteem.

So many and high encomiums have been passed upon him as a man, that I may well be content to say that as a lawyer in courtesy, ability and integrity, he reflected high credit upon the Bar of which he was a member, and that his standard

morally and intellectually was an ideal one to which the younger men may well aspire, while those of us who knew him well can bear high testimony as to his worth as we mourn his loss.

Very truly yours,

J. NEWTON FIERO.

TRUSTEES OF ALBANY ACADEMY

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Albany Academy, held in the Chapel October 6, 1899, the following minute was adopted and ordered to be published:

"The Trustees place on record their high estimate of their associate, Honorable Abraham Lansing, and their deep grief at his death.

Mr. Lansing became a member of our Board in 1873, following his father, Christopher Y. Lansing, and immediately succeeding his father-in-law, General Peter Gansevoort. An old Academy boy in the direct line of succession of two honored Trustees, he brought to the performance of his duties all the loyalty of an honest heart and the intelligence of a trained intellect. He was proud of the history of the Academy; he magnified its future.

We recall with affectionate interest his generosity, faithfulness, thoughtful counsel and unfailing courtesy. While

tolerant of criticism and charitable in judgment, he was inflexible in his adherence to conviction.

We took pride in Mr. Lansing's literary taste, which, while it valued sound thought, appreciated correctness of style and felicity of expression. He was frequently the orator on public occasions and always honored them by his graceful speech. He was a well-rounded man. In manner graceful and gentle; in speech dignified and thoughtful; in action, honest and intelligent.

We deeply sympathize with his stricken wife and extend to her our heartfelt sympathy.

(Signed.)

JOHN F. RATHBONE,

President.

HENRY P. WARREN,

Clerk."

SPEECHES

SPEECHES OF ABRAHAM LANSING

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE
NEW CITY HALL, ALBANY,
OCTOBER 13, 1881

After Austin's Band had performed a selection, the Hon. Abraham Lansing stepped forward and delivered the following address:

"Gentlemen of the Masonic Fraternity—In the order of exercises appointed for this occasion, the part has been assigned to me of extending to you in a formal way, and in this public manner, the invitation to lay this corner stone. That invitation I now give to you on behalf of the Mayor of this city and of its Board of Aldermen; of the Supervisors of this county; of the committee designated by act of the State Legislature to carry forward the construction of this edifice and of the citizens themselves of this city and county.

A little more than half a century ago, the city and county of Albany shared with the State, for municipal purposes, the occupation of the building which is now known as the 'Old Capitol.' At about that period the importance and extent of

the business necessary for the proper administration of the city and county affairs, keeping pace in importance as those affairs did with the population and growth of the city and county themselves, attracted the attention of their citizens to the need of a separate building for its transaction, and as a result of the consideration then given to the subject the construction of a separate building was determined upon.

On the 31st of August, 1829, very little more, as you will see, than half a century ago, upon the site of this building now in progress, and I know not but over the very spot where we now stand, the citizens of Albany county came together to witness, for them, an event of great interest and significance, the laying of the corner stone of the new building. Here they stood in the sunlight of those hopeful and prosperous days, looking down towards the river, over a goodly number of dwellings and buildings to the east, but to the immediate west looking over what must have been almost a rural suburb of the city.

The completion of that building marked the separation of the city and county from the State, in the sense of a division of their interests in the same halls for legislative and business purposes; and in that building the city and county long enjoyed the comforts and conveniences of the accommodations which it afforded. Before, however, the half century had run its course, and while it was in the last year of its fulfillment, by a casualty, as to the origin of which there remains to this day a doubt, that building was destroyed. Through the efforts of a competent and vigorous fire department, working under the disadvantage of the cold and ice of a severe winter's night,

the important records and the historic pictures of so much value to us were rescued, and are to find a place, as we fondly trust, in this new structure.

During the period in which this earlier building had been in use by us, the State of New York, advancing by rapid strides in wealth and prosperity, began the erection of a new building for its State capital. The building now in progress and approaching, as we earnestly trust, its completion, is upon a scale of greatness and grandeur without rival on this continent and attests in a signal manner the pride of our legislators in the greatness, the dignity and importance of our State.

Upon the destruction of their building, already referred to, movements were at once made by the citizens of this city and county for the erection of a new building to supply its place. There were no funds provided for that purpose and the municipal authorities had not the authority to obtain them. In this situation of affairs, our citizens themselves made application to the State Legislature and obtained from it the right to be taxed in their property and estates, to the extent necessary for the accomplishment of their wishes. This application met with favorable consideration, and as a result a committee of citizens of the city and county, in whom the entire community have unquestioned confidence, were designated to provide for the accomplishment of the enterprise, and the necessary power was conferred on the proper municipal authorities to provide for its expense, within reasonable prescribed limits, by taxation.

This committee entered heartily and intelligently into the work, and as the result of their labors, guided by accomplished

architects and aided by skilled workmen, they have brought this structure so far in its progress towards completion, that to-day we are able to assemble to witness those ceremonies so admirable and expressive and appropriate when performed, as it is the custom they shall be, by your ancient order—the ceremonies appropriate to the laying of its corner stone.

It was natural, in view of all that had been undertaken and was intended by the State, in such close proximity to this site, that the people of this community should be desirous, within the reasonable limit of their means, to erect an edifice worthy of the capital of the State, as well as a county embracing, with its thriving towns and villages, two distinct municipalities in its limits, and a population representing in a large degree the interests of agriculture, of manufacture and of trade and commerce. Such a building, we may confidently assert, this building, on the foundation of which we stand, is to be. The designer has done his work with excelling taste and ability. The builders have supplemented his labors with admirable skill, and we stand to-day, citizens of this county, proud of the enterprise and of the edifice, which we picture to ourselves in the near future.

Gentlemen of the Masonic order: The erection of a public building is always a matter of great public interest. The contemplation of suitable structures for public uses, when built within the public resources and with the cordial sympathy and co-operation of the public interested as this will have been, is certainly both beneficial and gratifying.

The interest felt in this building is peculiar. It is the offspring of the voluntary choice and wish of the community,

each member of which has, and feels that he has, a part and personal concern in it, and so, necessarily, he must have. It is to be the hall of its records, the repository of much that is valuable in the past and of much, we fondly hope, which will be of value to us in the coming time. Its roof will cover the halls of its local legislatures, both that of the county and of the city—those local legislatures the wisdom or mistakes of whose enactments will so materially affect us in our prosperity and happiness. It will contain the local halls of civil and criminal justice, to whose decrees we shall look for the protection of our rights of person and of property. It will be, in fine, the seat of the dispensation of our local government in its different branches, and in that respect the common centre of those transactions which mutually concern us.

As a part of the ceremonies which you are expected to perform, I understand that you are to test the accuracy of a part of this work and to pass upon the fitness of this stone for the chief place in the structure. We invite you to critical tests and to searching examinations, and as you shall find the work of these builders true and worthy, so may those who are in time to occupy this building, work well and skillfully for the honor, the prosperity and happiness of this community.

Gentlemen, it seems most fitting that your ancient and honorable fraternity should be invited to perform the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the new city hall at Albany, and this I now invite you to do with the usual forms of Masonry."

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION

WHY THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE ALLOWED A VOICE
IN THEIR SELECTION

REMARKS OF SENATOR ABRAHAM LANSING OF ALBANY

The following is the speech delivered by Senator Lansing in the Senate May 4, 1882, on the Railroad Commission bill:

"*Mr. Chairman*—No amendment has thus far been offered to the bill under discussion, excepting the amendment of the Senator from the Fourth, by which he proposes to substitute in the place of a commission appointable under certain restrictions by the Governor, a commission elective by the people, so that at this time the question before the Senate is purely one as to the method of choosing the commissioners. I have no set or methodical speech to make on this question, nor do I think that it is altogether profitable to spend much time in its discussion in the hope of influencing the determination at which the Senate shall ultimately arrive. If I am not mistaken in judging of the temper and disposition of the Senate, a conclusion had already been reached when this discussion began. There is a certain inexorable policy of party, which recognizes no law but the law of party interests and leaves no margin for individual discretion, which ordinarily governs in the decision of questions of this character, and whether an alliance such as has been suggested exists here or not, or whether existing, it does or does not go to the extent of decid-

ing such matters by actual caucus—there can be but little doubt but that party policy will decide, or rather has already decided, what the action of the Senate on this question is to be.

This discussion has taken a wide range and has induced a great variety of suggestions upon matters which seem to have but little, if any, relevancy to the subject under consideration. The Senator from the Twenty-ninth, who has just taken his seat, has referred us to the arguments offered by the Senator from the Sixth as decisive upon the merits of his side of the question, and I believe the Senator from the Sixth has summed up to the Senate about all which can be said in the way of argument on that side, together with many other matters which do not strike me as arguments, at least upon the merits of this bill. The Senator from the Sixth seems to have come to the Senate with something upon his mind, growing out of the attitude which he occupied, or was about to take, to that party which he was then believed to represent. He seems to have considered that there was something in that attitude which required explanation, and if he has not set himself right before us and before the public, it is certainly not because the Senate has not accorded to him a most patient, if not a willing, hearing of all that he has had to say on the subject. I will not attempt to follow the Senator through all the winds and turnings of his earlier remarks and of those made in this debate in explanation of his course politically. I wish to refer merely to that general current of suggestion or argument which seemed to run through and underlie his remarks, or exculpation, if it may be so termed. Its logical inference and result seemed to me something like this, as if he had said: 'In

a republican or popular form of government, I saw two great parties, one strongly intrenched in the power and patronage of government, the other professing to see that this power and patronage were abused for purposes of injustice and wrong; that false theories were fostered and advanced under it, and the spirit of the government, wrested from its true intent and legitimate purposes, was seeking to gain the strength and position by which it should be enabled to right the wrong and give back a wiser and more honest government to the country, and I said, I have talents and ability. I have training and skill in the handling of an argument. In the cause of truth I can be a power for good, and in the cause of error, too, I could, if I would, do battle effectively. I recognize a sense of obligation to conviction. I will spurn the inducements of power and cast my lot with the weaker party and dedicate my services to the cause of reform. And now the hour has almost struck. The great fabric of misused power is tottering to its fall. It gathers its forces about it, and pours out its treasure for a desperate and decisive effort, and now all depends upon my action; standing in the very front of the contest, all eyes are turned upon me in expectation and hope. I realize the situation and know that upon my course this great struggle is to be determined, and so situated I say: Oh! there was a man in my neighborhood who had an ambition; there was a man in my ward who aspired to be a constable, and I and my followers, 40,000 of them, as I claim, somewhat less than that as others claim, desired that ambition should be gratified; it was useful to me that it should be, and my party had refused me that request. There was a man in

my county who had been elected to clerkship, and one higher in office, elected by my vote and the votes of my party, acting under the forms of law, and within the limits, as he claimed, of lawfully delegated authority, had assumed to discipline that clerk, and that was offensive to me and my followers. Thereupon I did not throw down my arms and surrender to the enemy; my nature is not one which admits of surrender; but I took with me the arms and the energies which I had dedicated to the service of my convictions and my party, and while the faith that I had espoused still remained with me, I went over to the enemy, I and my followers, and wrought the defeat and overthrow of that party and of its cause. And then we came with banners and with trumpets and we thundered at the doors of the conventions of the party and demanded admission to its counsels, not upon the ground that we had done so much to build it up and to advance its cause, but upon the theory that we had done so much to tear it down and destroy it and were capable of doing so much more in the same direction, and we were refused admission. These were my grievances and this is my justification.'

Well, it is said that two kinds of men serve their country or their party. One serves because in the prosperity of his country or party lies his own advantage. The other serves for the faith and loyalty that is in him and because that country or that party is the embodiment of a truth and the exponent of an idea. The one uses his country or party for his own advancement, the other is used by his country or party for its honor and success. It is to be hoped that in the career of public service and of public honors, which the Senator has

marked out for himself in the future, and I assume that his career is to be both honorable and useful, there may be no obligations of vengeance to interfere with the obligations of patriotism, and that in the service which he shall render to the new party with which he is associated—whether it be the party of the new alliance, which has been so often referred to here, or whether it be that other party which has recently claimed to have found the true avenue to popular favor—he may be as useful at least as he has been to the party which he has abandoned.

Mr. Chairman, referring to the line of argument pursued by the Senator from the Sixth upon the merits of this question, he takes the position that it is not safe to trust the election of these commissioners to the people because party conventions stand between the people and an expression of their real choice. That is to say: the Senator himself, the nominee of a party convention, and holding his position through the selection of the people, confirming the choice of the convention, addressing a Senate composed of thirty-two Senators, each one of whom was the nominee of a party convention, addressing them in a State whose Governor and Lieutenant Governor, judiciary and heads of departments are mainly elected by the people, acting upon the suggestion and nomination of party conventions, says that there is that absolute and necessary evil and dishonesty in the management and workings of these conventions which render it necessary that the Senate should decline to vote for placing the election of these commissioners in the hands of the people of this State. This is the main, and, indeed, the only argument against the adoption of this

amendment. The idea that the people themselves cannot be trusted to select, if the choice can absolutely be left to them, no one of its opponents has the hardihood to avow, and such a suggestion is distinctly disclaimed by the Senator from the Twenty-ninth and by the Senator from the Sixth and by each one of the other Senators speaking against it, whose remarks I have heard. The evils of this elective system must appear, if anywhere, in the outcome, in the results of the elections themselves, and to assail the elective system in that way is necessarily to assail the conduct, or the character, of those whom that system places in office. It is to assail, at all events, the average official chosen by the system of election as being unfitted or unworthy in some essential particular for the performance of the duties of the office to which he is chosen, and inasmuch as the objection chiefly urged to the proceedings of conventions is that they are likely to be composed of or governed by venal and designing men who can be controlled for evil purposes, I assume that it is intended that the choice of such conventions must be of the same type as the conventions themselves, or of those who govern and guide the course of the conventions, or, at least, that such will be the case in a system which permits the election of railroad commissioners. Now, from the logic of such arguments, we may well appeal to the logic of facts. From the inception of the State to the present time, its officers have been continually elected through the intervention of conventions and by the votes of the people. I hold in my hand a copy of the civil list of the State, and turning to its pages I find among the officers elected in modern times, in addition to the incumbents at the

present time, among the Governors, Dix and Seymour, Hoffman, Tilden and Robinson. Among the secretaries of State, such men as Nelson, Miller, Beach, Leavenworth and Depew. Among the comptrollers, such as Church and Allen, Robinson and Olcott. Among the attorney-generals, such as Dickinson, Cochran, Champlain and Schoonmaker. And it is gratifying to look back upon the history of the State and to find that, notwithstanding the intervention of conventions and the elective system, it has been able to fill its departments of government with men whose deeds are parcel of the history and prosperity of the State, and whose fame is part of the fame and the honor of the whole country. Now, I commend this civil list to the study of those who are disposed to doubt the ability of the people to elect honest and capable officers, notwithstanding the necessary fact resulting inevitably from our form and system of government that there must be political parties and that there must be nominations by political conventions, and I submit that if there is anything at all in the logic of facts, the facts there found will, at least in comparison with those which are apparent under the appointing system, destroy the effect of these arguments now boldly brought forward against the elective system. And as to the appointing system, it is hardly to be disputed that in modern times at all events far more of accusation has been brought against the management of appointed than of elected heads of departments, and that it remains to be seen whether the change recently made in the office of one important government department, to suit the convenience of politics, and confessedly not to benefit the public service, is not in fact just as much

a partisan appointment and made in the interests of party rather than of the State, as it would have been had the office been elective and a change made through an election by the people acting upon the nomination of a party convention.

But, it is said that in this especial and particular matter of railroad commissioners, the railroads have a great stake; that the railroads have the ability to control conventions and that they do control them, and that in the nomination of commissioners they will interfere in their own interests and betray the people, by securing their own nominees, and thus defeat the very objects had in view in the creation of a commission. And to obviate this objection, and to provide against this difficulty, we are told that the power of appointment should be placed in the hands of the Governor of the State. Well, there are to be three commissioners, and there is but one Governor. It is not intended to take the election of a Governor away from the people and place it in the Anti-Monopoly League, or elsewhere, that I have heard. He is to be elected hereafter, I assume, as this bill does not attempt to make it unlawful that there shall be a nominating convention by the people through the intervention of a political convention; and I want to know what provision is to be made for warding off the railroads from the conventions which shall nominate the Governor. If the railroads are so deeply interested that they will manipulate a convention to nominate three commissioners in their interest, *a fortiori*, I say they will manipulate a convention which is to place in nomination a single Governor, who is to have absolute power to select those commissioners, as he will. And the Governor being elected upon the nomination of the railroads,

and in their interests, being, in fact, in the exercise of this particular duty of his office, but the very hand of the railroads themselves, how much more complete must be the betrayal of the objects of this bill in the selection of commissioners by this one authority than, under any circumstances, it could be under the selection by the majority vote of an average State party convention.

But I do not admit that the choice which the people will make of commissioners is necessarily, by reason of the evils which are said to exist in political conventions *per se*, or by reason of the danger of interference of the railroads with the proceedings or nominations of those conventions, in danger of being such a choice that the objects of the bill will be in danger. These commissioners will be elected by the people expressly upon their worthiness to serve in the discharge of the particular duties which are devolved on them by the bill. There is an undercurrent of apprehension running through every political convention, as to what the judgment of intelligent popular sentiment may be upon their action; there is a public opinion, which none are shrewder in apprehending than the average politician, which underlies and governs, in greater or less degree, the action even of political conventions. If one party shall defy that public sentiment, therein will be the advantage of the other party, and it will indubitably see that advantage and be likely to improve it; more likely, in my judgment, than it will be to suffer the control of railroads to govern its action.

Now there must, of course, if we have a commission at all, be some method providing for choosing the commissioners.

It is undoubtedly true that in everything which relies for its operation upon the wisdom and justice and disinterestedness of human agency, there cannot be an absolutely perfect success. As between these two systems, my vote is for trusting the people. To deny the ability of the people to make the choice is, in my judgment, denying the wisdom of our system itself. Every line written in our constitution, every movement and inspiration of our popular form of government, is based upon the idea of popular sovereignty. We must be willing to test the strength of our theories in practice and live up to our profession. If, indeed, these possibilities for evil which have been pointed out actually exist by reason of the necessary condition that there must be political conventions, and in our form of government I believe that there must, then the argument seems to show that the whole system of popular elections and the experiment of republican government is a failure. This I am unwilling to admit, nor do I believe those who argue against an elective commission would admit it. Nevertheless, the logic of their argument seems to lead directly to such a conclusion.

Mr. Chairman, I can conceive of powers so great and far-reaching that they ought not to be vested by the State anywhere, or in anybody, and I believe that this suggestion is true of the powers which might be vested in a board of railroad commissioners. I do not believe that any simile can be more complete or exact than that which compares the railroads of this country, in their relation to the body politic, to the arteries of the human system in the body of man. It is almost literally accurate to say that the railroads are the arteries of the State;

they carry life and nourishment to each of its organs, and as it is true that they carry and dispense life and nourishment, it is also true that to impede or embarrass them in this essential function is to disturb and disarrange the whole system, while to destroy them would be almost as fatal in its results to the State as the destruction of the arteries would be to man. This is nowhere more certainly true than in respect to the railroads within the limits of this great State, which they serve, and in the advancement and prosperity and commercial greatness of which they have formed and do form so essential and important a factor. We have been recently talking about freeing our canals, and we have recently passed a law liberating them to the free uses of commerce. Why have we done this, if not because outside of the limits of our State other avenues to the seaports are opening to commerce and rivaling our own? This rivalry threatens our commercial prosperity and it enlists in its aid all the artifices and all the wealth which the great common carrier systems of the country can command. I believe that powers which would enable railroad commissioners to interfere with the freedom of our own roads in this rivalry and competition, so that they might hamper and embarrass them to any great extent, should not be conferred, not necessarily because it would be abused, but because the abuse would involve consequences too serious to the State to warrant such power being entrusted at all. Upon this subject I do not mean now to express the full views which I entertain; but I see nothing in this bill which should at all constrain us to withhold this commission, or which should lead us to distrust the ability of the people in their ordinary way to elect them.

The Senator from the Twenty-ninth has discussed at some length views entertained by ex-Governor Hoffman. I have been unable to gather from anything which the Senator has read that Governor Hoffman entertained views unfavorable to the expediency of an elective railroad commission. He seems to speak rather of the powers of the executive, and to express the view that those powers should be well defined, comprehensive and far-reaching—absolute in many particulars—and so undoubtedly they should be, but extending power for the administration of the affairs of government to an administrative officer is an entirely different consideration from extending to the Governor the powers of appointing administrative officers, which he may, if disposed, use to promote his own interests. In saying this I mean to make no suggestion that any one contemplates such a thing as that, but only that we have a theory which is in my judgment a wise one, that in legislation we are not unnecessarily to throw temptation in the way of any officer or to incur needless risks.

I have consumed more time than I intended, and thank the Senate for its courtesy in indulging me in these hasty remarks, and will close by commending to the Senate the doctrine of an elective commission."

THE STATE MUSEUM

REMARKS OF SENATOR ABRAHAM LANSING ON THE BILL AUTHORIZING THE TRANSFER OF THE GREAT COL- LECTION TO THE STATE HALL

The following speech, made in the Senate March 7, 1883, while the bill authorizing the transfer of the State Museum of Natural History to the State Hall was pending, by the Hon. Abraham Lansing, will prove interesting:

"Mr. Chairman—In answering the question, as to the purpose of this bill, let me ask the attention of the Senate to a concurrent resolution, which I offered early in the session, and which passed both houses of the Legislature, calling on the trustees of the State Museum to report what additional accommodations are necessary for the proper preservation and exhibition of the collections belonging to the State; and what measures should be taken for maintaining and conducting the museum in a condition of greater efficiency, and for rendering it of greater value to the citizens of the State, together with plans for completing the publication of the Natural History of the State.

In response to that resolution the trustees of the museum, soon after its passage, sent a communication to the Legislature, which was at once laid upon the desks of the Senators, wherein they set forth at length the needs of the museum, together with much other interesting and important informa-

tion having relation to the subject. Accompanying the communication are letters from many of the most eminent scientific men at home and abroad, setting forth the great importance of the investigations which the State has made in its geological survey and the great value which attaches to them in the opinion of the scientific world.

The trustees point out the fact that the collections of the Natural History of the State have so far increased that the present museum building has become entirely inadequate for their proper arrangement and display, and that more than 50,000 specimens for which no proper accommodations can be afforded in the museum are placed in private buildings for which the State pays rent and where they are to a great extent inaccessible for the purposes of the museum. That the area afforded by the present building for the arrangement of specimens for exhibition is about 8,000 square feet, while the collections belonging to the State require for their display at least 21,000 square feet and that there are no proper accommodations where the rough work of preparing the specimens for illustration and exhibition may be carried on.

They also state that the present museum, by reason of the insecurity of the building in which it is placed, is in daily danger of being destroyed by fire, while the private buildings rented for the purpose of storing those specimens which have and can have no place in the State building at all, or elsewhere, where they can be properly accessible and useful, are equally insecure, and at a very recent date narrowly escaped destruction by fire, accidentally kindled in one of them; and I may add that these buildings are too remote from the fire department

of this city and of too combustible a nature to encourage the hope that any of the specimens could be rescued if fire should make any considerable headway there.

The trustees also point out the peculiar adaptation of the State House, which is now in greater part vacated, and which is, as soon as other accommodations can be provided in the Capitol for the departments of government still remaining there, to be entirely vacated, to the purposes of a museum of natural history and to the security and proper display of its valuable collections.

They set forth the disadvantages with which the different departments of natural science, sustained and provided for by the State, are carried on under the present system of separate and independent work, without co-operation in their efforts, and the greater efficiency which must accrue to them from rendering these labors in kindred sciences conducive to each other and tributary to a common object. And inasmuch as the collections of the departments, or at least of some of them, go only in part to the State, it is suggested that the labors of each of these departments shall belong to the State, and, of course, that the collections made in the work shall be wholly its property. This suggestion is carried out by the provisions of this bill, and I beg to suggest, in addition to what is said by the trustees, that while I conceive it to be a most important part of the advantage derived by the people of the State, from the maintenance of these departments of geology, entomology and botany, that they provide for the communication of information, in reply to inquiries from those engaged in agricultural, mining and other pursuits which are dependent for intelligent

and successful guidance upon the solution of questions arising in these branches of science, that it seems to be quite as important to afford opportunity for personal inspection and investigation in the general line of the science itself, and especially so in respect to its manifestations under the operation of local conditions.

The importance of a better-regulated system which shall secure the prompt publication and distribution of the information obtained in these departments is also considered in this response, and the inadequacy and delays of the existing methods in these respects are explained, and the Legislature is asked to remedy these evils, not by authorizing greater expenditures or making larger appropriations, but by providing for the expenditure of the moneys which shall be hereafter appropriated in a more intelligent and methodical way. And it is the purpose of the bill under consideration to place this whole matter of the printing and distribution of scientific reports and papers where it undoubtedly belongs—in the hands of the trustees of the museum.

The other recommendations of the response relate to the publication of five volumes of works of paleontology for which materials have been obtained in the department of geology, and which are necessary to complete the series contemplated by the plans and expenditures of the State in that direction. The trustees dwell with emphasis upon the importance of completing this work, referring to the communications which accompany their response, for an indorsement and corroboration of their views, and they ask that the charge of this publication may be committed to their hands and the nec-

essary appropriations made therefor, formally pledging their best efforts to finish the work in the briefest time and most economical and worthy manner. And I feel confident that I may promise for them, knowing, as I do, the good judgment, system and rare economy which prevails in all the affairs committed to their care, that no penny of the money which shall be placed in their hands for the purposes of this bill will be expended without need or without adequate and valuable equivalent to the State. The bill provides for publication of the remaining five volumes of the paleontology of the State, during a period of five years, and commits the necessary annual appropriation for publication of one volume in each year to the hands of the trustees. And it is intended that, with the completion of the last essential volume of this most important and valuable series, the work of geological illustration shall cease, as that of geological exploration or survey has already practically ceased.

In considering this latter topic it is very important to observe, and I may appropriately call attention here to the fact, stating it on the testimony of the communications which accompany this response, as well as on the authority of the treatises of the science, which are accessible to every one, that these investigations in the department of geology have, to the great renown of the State and to the credit of those through whose intelligence and industry they have been made, resulted in giving to that science a system which is acknowledged and adopted throughout the scientific world, and that this system, dependent as it is for its full development and completion upon the proper illustration and exhibition, as this bill intends, of

the remaining material which has been obtained in the survey, is essential to the methods and classifications now in use in that science. And here I shall fail, utterly, to present the merits of this bill in this particular if I neglect to state, as an inducement to its immediate enactment into a law, a fact vouched for by the voice of geologists the world over, and especially emphasized in the entreaties made by them in regard to this measure, that there is but one man living who has the experience necessary to the adequate guidance of this work of illustration to its completion, namely, Professor James Hall, the State Geologist, by whose zeal and labor it has been developed and carried to its present condition, and whom I am permitted to call, upon the authority and in the words of a no less distinguished investigator in this branch of natural science than Professor Barrande, of Bohemia, 'the great American paleontologist.' And there is another fact important in this connection, and which is regarded with deep concern by all devotees of science, as well as by those who appreciate the economic value of these works to the State, that in view of the advancing age of Professor Hall, his labors cannot be counted on for so many years that we can afford to lose any time by delay in availing ourselves of them.

Now, I have but outlined some of the recommendations and considerations presented by this communication from the trustees of the museum. I commend the careful perusal of it and of the documents accompanying it to the attention of any one who entertains doubts on this subject, and I trust that no Senator will feel justified in voting against this bill which gives form to the suggestions made by the report without having, after

such perusal, and in spite of it, come to a conclusion that the measure is not such an one as the interests and honor of the State demand.

This bill seeks to make useful and available to the State the results of its investigations in these branches of its natural history. It makes no new departure in legislation. It adopts no new or different theories from those which have heretofore prevailed. The State House has been already, by a concurrent resolution adopted by the two houses of the Legislature in the year 1881, devoted to the uses of the Museum of Natural History, and some portion of its collections has recently been stored there, and it is now proposed to carry out the design of this resolution by declaring the manner in which the building shall be prepared and occupied, and by making the necessary appropriation therefor. And, as to the publication of the remainder of the series of works on paleontology, its provisions are identical with those of a bill which was passed by this Senate last year, but which, coming into the Assembly in the closing days of the session failed there, not through opposition manifested to it, but because a vote could not be reached before the adjournment. The Legislature first manifested an appreciation of the usefulness of such explorations as would determine the value and extent of the mineral resources in the year 1827. In that year a law was passed, known as chapter 230 of the Laws of 1827, by which it was attempted to secure to the State the benefit of such explorations, by offering inducements to individual enterprise to undertake them. The purpose declared by the act was 'to promote geological and mineral researches,' and it empowered the commissioners of

the land office to grant to discoverers of mines, minerals and fossils, other than gold and silver, tracts of land in which such discoveries should be made, on exceptional and favorable terms. Whatever may have been the result of that policy the importance of such researches grew upon the public attention during the ensuing nine years to such an extent that the Legislature was prepared to engage the State, at its own expense, in regular and scientific investigations of this character, and it accordingly passed in the year 1836 a law which authorized the employment of a suitable number of competent persons to make, in the language of the act, 'An accurate and complete geological survey of the State, which shall be accompanied with proper maps and diagrams and furnish full and scientific descriptions of its rocks, soils and minerals and of its botanical and zoological productions, together with specimens of the same,' and it was directed that the maps, diagrams and specimens should be deposited in the State library, and specimens in other libraries of the State. That law appropriated an annual sum of \$26,000 for four years to defray the expenses to be incurred under it. The appropriation was \$11,000 per year more than the annual sum now asked for to complete the series of works which has grown out of the investigations then commenced. It extended over a period of four years, while this proposed publication is to extend over a period one year longer. And it is interesting to observe the amount of that appropriation in its relation to the wealth of the State at that time, as significant of the importance attached by the legislators of that day to the investigations for which they provided. I have looked to see who the men were in the

Legislature who gave the first impulse to these investigations, and I find that in the Senate of 1827 there were Silas Wright and John C. Spencer, Ambrose L. Jordan, Duncan McMartin, Cadwallader D. Colden, Peter R. Livingston and others, doubtless, worthy to hold seats with them in the same body. There was not a Senator Jacobs in that body to guide the counsels of the committee on finance, or preside in the absence of the Lieutenant Governor over the deliberations of the Senate. Had there been, I do not question that he would have reported favorably from his committee on the bill, which became a law, and voted with the majority to embark the State upon a career of scientific exploration. A Senator McCarthy was there, and while I have not examined to see how he voted, I cannot doubt that he gave his vote with Wright and Spencer and Livingston and the rest, against whose influence it is fair to presume the measure would not have become a law.

The work of the survey was in 1840 extended for two years, and in the latter year provision was made for fitting and preparing rooms for a State museum in what was then the State Hall and is now the Geological Hall; and from that time to this, with the annual indorsement of the Legislature, the work of this survey and investigation has been continued by the State.

By this work its natural history, or so much of that history as lies in the line of the investigations, has been unfolded and largely illustrated. The proofs of the accuracy of the researches, and the indications of our resources, are in our possession; they are valuable both in themselves and for what they indicate and determine. This bill asks that they may be

rendered still more useful to science and to those who depend upon science for the methods which they employ in the labor which engages them. It asks, also, that they may be removed from places of insecurity and from the risks which now surround them.

During the period covered by these scientific explorations the State has prospered and its substantial wealth has rapidly increased. It stands in greatness and in resources without a rival. No one with accurate knowledge of the facts can doubt the value of these investigations of science in aiding the operations of its agriculture. How important a factor in its prosperity the mineral resources of the State are its statistics abundantly testify. Its iron, lead and copper and its mineral oils, its slate and marble, granite and limestone, its salt and gypsum form no insignificant sum in this great aggregate of wealth.

Now, these fossils which we ask you to preserve and to exhibit in illustrated volumes were the open sesame by which you entered to this wealth. They are the keys by which you have unlocked the mysteries of the earth's crust, and to those who from motives of gain or information would explore the recesses of inorganic matter they still are guides. They have been of incalculable value to you, and they may, if you will, be of equally great value to you hereafter. No man, or men, or society or other State can duplicate them. No private enterprise can, without your permission, or should, with it, as your substitute, make and distribute illustrations of them. The State, crowned with the laurels of great achievements and surrounded by the evidences of its abundant resources, stands

before these mute messengers of inorganic nature, with power to give them voice. Science entreats it to do so, and urges you in pathetic and eloquent terms to hazard no longer the loss of your opportunity. The economic interests of the State require it of you. The fulfillment of the promise of a half century's investigations, to your own citizens and the world, enjoins it on you. The sum required is paltry and inconsiderable in comparison with the interests involved and the benefits in view. If poor and overburdened, we might well make sacrifices to such an end, and with the measure of our prosperity brimming over, there are no reasons which can justify us in neglecting the duty.

These results, which we have gathered, are the guides to treasure houses of material wealth and our material interests demand that they shall be rendered complete and useful; but aside from this, I think it should be enough that they are the mysterious footprints which mark the tread of the ages,—the voice of inorganic nature speaking in its different periods and distinguishing them; that in the study of the problems of organic life and unorganized matter they form an essential part in the groundwork of a history and aid in the confirmation of our theories of the creation."

BURNS IN BRONZE

UNVEILING A NOBLE STATUE IN WASHINGTON PARK,
AUGUST 30, 1888

In behalf of the park commission, the Hon. Abraham Lansing accepted the statue in these words:

"Mr. Kinnear and Ladies and Gentlemen—I am requested by the board of trustees of Washington Park to accept this statue, in their name and on their behalf, with all the obligation which the legacy of Miss McPherson imports. And I promise unhesitatingly for that board, and with entire confidence for its successors in office, that within the utmost possibilities of the trust which is delegated to them by law, it shall be preserved and perpetuated to the citizens of Albany in accordance with the design of the generous giver.

I take pleasure in expressing to you, Mr. Kinnear, the opinion entertained without dissent by the members of the board, that you have fully complied with the injunctions of this behest, namely, 'to get a monument worthy of Robert Burns, an ornament to the park and an honor to the land of the donor's birth.' I tender to you their congratulations on the successful result of your efficient and zealous efforts in that respect; and I trust and believe that in it the expectation and design of this legacy will be realized; that here, in the presence of this speaking likeness of Scotland's renowned bard, the citizens of Albany, without regard to lineage, and for genera-

tions to come, will not only be moved by a feeling of grateful acknowledgment towards their legator, but to renewed admiration and respect for the history and greatness of Scotland, which is the land of the birth of Robert Burns not only, but of Mary McPherson and of a long line of enterprising and patriotic and distinguished men and women, who have been in the past, and are in themselves and in their descendants in the present, a most important part of the career of this city, and who are cherished and memorable as a most essential element in every step of its progress, its prosperity and its renown.

Nor can I doubt that at the feet of this statue, and in view of a work of art so admirable and expressive, and amidst scenes and surroundings so suitable, Albanians and others who by their invitation shall hereafter participate in the enjoyment which this park and statue will afford, will be prompted to new intimacy with all that is ennobling and elevating, as well as with that which is stirring and captivating in the verse of the bard who is more than any other the poet of unaffected human nature and mankind; whose versatile genius enters into the feeling of every condition of human life, and fires with enthusiasm or moves with emotion the soul of both lettered and unlearned; who was justified in dedicating his poems to ‘the noblemen and gentlemen of Caledonia,’ and wrote ‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’; who could create the scenes of ‘Tam O’Shanter’ and pen ‘The Epistle to a Young Friend’; who stirs the soul with the martial strains of ‘Bannockburn,’ and fills the heart with the inimitable pathos of ‘Highland Mary’ and ‘John Anderson, My Jo’; who, if he wrote broad Scotch for Scotchmen, wrote ‘Auld Lang Syne’ for the world, and

who is to Scotland surely, if not to America and the Anglo-Saxon speaking race, the Aesop of their poetry and the Anacreon of their song.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, fellow-citizens of Albany, having accepted this statue, and this trust for your representative board, and thereby for you, you will agree with me that it is still due to this occasion that some words be spoken expressive of that gratification which you feel in common with the members of your board, growing out of the spirit, purpose and character of this gift to your park and the manner in which the desire of Miss McPherson has been accomplished.

It is now nearly twenty years since by an act of the legislature, and with the approbation of the people of Albany, this tract of land, then already devoted to public and burial purposes, was, in the language of the act, ‘set apart and devoted to the purposes of a public park.’ Of all the city’s enterprises and undertakings, during that period at least, it is the one from which its citizens of all ages, classes and conditions have derived the most satisfaction and enjoyment; and, excepting their educational system, its privileges are those from which, of all their adventitious rights as citizens, they would most reluctantly part.

It was a most happy inspiration of Miss McPherson to set up here in this garden of the people, the statue of a poet whose songs are ‘household words’ in our domestic lives, and whose lyre is also attuned so wonderfully to the beautiful in the natural world.

It was a generous impulse which directed that, without limit of cost, this statue should be made worthy of the man it repre-

sents, ornamental to the park and an honor to Scotland, and it was a wise selection to place the execution of this behest in hands so capable.

Much might be said on the subject which time will not permit, but you will join with me in saying for you, that you gratefully appreciate the spirit of this noble gift, and that you commend the result of the efforts of those who have had it in charge as the perfect fulfillment of a munificent and patriotic purpose.

And you will permit me to pledge for you, to those who now have this statue in their care, your encouragement and co-operation in maintaining and preserving it in all its graceful outline and proportion, for yourselves, your posterity and successors in all time."

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE HON. ABRAHAM LANSING AT THE
SIXTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY
OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1891

Hon. Abraham Lansing responded to the toast, "The Dutchman's Fireside."

He said: "*Mr. President, Gentlemen and Guests of the Holland Society*—This toast, which is entitled to a leading and honorable place on the programme of any proper occasion, is especially worthy of such a position in the exercises of this evening. It is the first time in the history of the Holland Society that the Dutchman's fireside, in all its available

branches, has been represented in these festivities. It has been the president's high privilege to allude to this fact, and to extend a graceful welcome to that fairer presence which now first honors these occasions; and it seems to me not inappropriate to my theme that I should offer to him, and to the officers of the society and to the honored chairman and members of the dinner committee the congratulations which I believe all of us feel to be due on this departure from settled usage, which is a recognition of the progressive tendencies and spirit of our age, and which is a promise of the excellence of these annual reunions in the future, as it is also an assertion of their worthiness in the past.

There is nothing, Mr. President and Gentlemen, which appeals more forcibly to the mind than a suggestion of our home. It is the center of man's deepest and purest affections. It is the source of his greatest earthly happiness. It is the absorbing aim and object of his individual and collective energies. Our country itself is but an aggregation of our homes and the powers and duties of government in their last results are but for their protection. The arts of war and the achievements of statesmanship and diplomacy fail of their primal and real purpose if the home is not established upon a sure and stable basis and does not find that security for itself and for what is incidental to it which is essential to its welfare. And to what purpose are the labors of individual man, or individual men collectively, which do not tend directly or indirectly to the happiness and prosperity of the home? The central feature and charm of the home is the fireside. It stands for the glow and fragrance, the warmth and coloring of

the home life, its comforts and happiness, its leisure and repose.

But the fireside represents something more than these. It stands for a supreme influence both in the history of an individual and of a nation, for it is also the true source and nursery of character. It is the very well-spring of a nation's life and development. And this is so, whether its light 'comes blinking bonnily from a wee bit ingle,' gleams through the bays and holly boughs on oaken halls or is reflected from the blue and white tiling of a Dutchman's chimney-corner. And when I approach this particular fireside, the Dutchman's fireside, to contemplate it with reference to what it signifies in the formation of character, and in that respect what it stands for in the history of civilized man, I am sure that I exaggerate nothing in saying that I find myself in the presence of a subject which sounds the depth of a political philosophy and ethics as profound, as momentous, as grand and beneficent as any which has ever been evolved from the mind of man. It was something deeply wrought into the nature of the Hollander of the sixteenth century, which enabled him, through sacrifices and achievements which are almost incredible and with a zeal which never doubted through the lifetime of more than a generation of men, to liberate his country from the intolerance of Spain. The Republic of the Netherlands was the outcome of the Dutchman's character, and the Dutchman's character was the outcome of the Dutchman's fireside. Men became capable of the heroic and unwavering fortitude exhibited in that long and unique struggle, not merely because principles of human right and justice were involved in the contest, but

because those principles were planted at the root, had grown with the growth and ripened into the strength of human life—because they were fireside teachings. The struggle which they made was for fireside truths which were vigorous because they had been there inculcated, and which were strong and invincible because they were felt to be the truths of common justice and the rights of man.

The triumph was not for those that bore the burden of the conflict merely, but for all mankind. No nation lays a stronger claim to the credit of having at the critical period and with right discrimination accurately discerned and firmly established the just limitations in governmental polity than the nation in whose honor this society is named, of whose achievements it is our privilege to speak to-night, and the lessons and examples of whose history we may usefully inculcate at all times; and in this respect, and for the boon of these achievements, the gratitude should never be forgotten which is due to the Dutchman's fireside.

The Dutchman's fireside has its history and its teaching in America as well as in Europe. Those who shaped the system of our own Republic were not blindly impelled by the tendencies and spirit of the age in which they lived; they were learned and earnest and appreciative students of the lessons which had gone before them, and I believe it may be truly said that he who would most accurately understand their spirit and purpose may easiest seek them in the precepts and models which grew out of the honest yearnings and principles of the Dutchman's home teachings.

The Dutch were not among the earliest explorers of the United States. There had been many an experimental voyage

by the navigators of other countries—it was, so to speak, quite four o'clock in the afternoon of those early explorations before the Dutchman opened his eyes to the availability of these lands beyond the seas. It is true, however, that he planted here one of the very earliest permanent colonies, and it must be said of him that if he formed his judgment with deliberation, there was no error in his conclusion. His first voyage hither, made not otherwise than in the interest of commercial enterprise, resulted not merely in experiment; it became a successful and remunerative undertaking. When the '*Wassende Maan*,' that is to say, the Dutch ship *Crescent*, starting on her memorable voyage from Amsterdam, to add the Hollander's contribution to the sum of other explorations here, was tossed for many months upon the seas and along our Arctic and northern coasts, she stayed not in her wanderings until she had found this incomparable Manhattan Bay, turned her prow northward thence, and at the foot of the hills now crowned by the Capitol of our Empire State, landed a boat's crew, made a lodgment and built a fire. On the first of last October, possibly a day or two earlier, it was two hundred and eighty-one years ago. It was the Dutchman's first fireside in America and the inception of the Empire State. If at the pilgrim's approach

'The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed';

if the Cabots found their anchorage among the polar icebergs on the frozen Arctic shores; if the disasters of the early Spanish settlements in Florida are among the saddest records

of our colonization; if the enthusiastic courage of Sir Walter Raleigh and the genius of the indomitable Captain John Smith alone preserved the new colony at Jamestown from the misfortunes of Roanoke, all nature held out a welcome to the Hollanders on the upper Hudson. Before them spread the graceful outlines of a river unrivalled in the picturesqueness of its natural beauties. From the Narrows to the Normans Kill the primeval forests hung all their autumn banners out. From the shores of Jersey and the island of Manhattan; from the Highlands and the Katskills and the sloping shores above, the gathered fragrance of the summer enveloped their way like incense on their journey, and joined the red men of the wilderness in the welcome which never lost its friendly spirit.

And so from this first fireside began the fortunate career of the Dutchman in America. It would not be my purpose, if it were my privilege, to trace the history of that first European fireside on the Hudson, but it is at least due to it that I should say that its subsequent career illustrated the tolerant and catholic teachings which had their place at the Dutchman's fireside in the Fatherland; and that beyond all other established colonies in our country, through its just and amicable dealings with the aborigines, founded on the principles of those home teachings, it solved without a discordant incident that most difficult of all our early problems—the Indian problem; and I am sure that you will agree with me if I add that, if it had achieved no other renown than that of having given to the country and the world the example and services of grand old Philip Schuyler, it must stand forever crowned with an imperishable fame.

To follow out the parallels in the history of our own country

with those of the history of the Netherlands is a useful and instructive study. Let me allude to a single one of them, which seems pertinent to the subject of the fireside. The Dutchmen can neither claim the glory nor share the responsibility for the doctrine of universal suffrage. It had been a part neither of their creed nor practice at home. They inculcated and provided universal education so far as it was in their power, and they regarded the suffrage as a privilege to be acquired through the opportunities thus afforded; but the Dutch mother at her fireside laid to the heart of her children that fable of the Grecian Aesop, illustrated by the bundle of sticks, and told them that each stick, however complete a unit of itself, gained resistless and unconquerable strength when combined in the unity of the bundle. The teaching found expression in a wider sphere in the 'Eendracht maakt Macht' of Holland and in the 'E pluribus Unum' of America. It is the principle which underlies and sustains the entire fabric of our form of government. It is the principle of that admirable adjustment in the powers and duties of an extended government, which, while it reserves to local care and local direction that which is of local character, concedes to a general power the government of matters of general concern. It is the doctrine of State rights and municipal rights, vitalized by exclusive authority within their own spheres, and subject to and supported by the strength and power of a government at large. It was the principle underlying the structure of the Netherlands. It is the key-stone of the arch of our own system. It gives us our security at home and our strength and respectability as a nation abroad."

THE DUTCH SANTA CLAUS

REMARKS OF THE HON. ABRAHAM LANSING AT THE PAAS
FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1892

In publishing the proceedings of the St. Nicholas Society of New York at its Paas festival, the last issue of the New Amsterdam Gazette says: "Speaking of Santa Claus, the Hon. Abraham Lansing, of Albany, N. Y., said:

'We know St. Nicholas as the patron of travelers and strangers, in other words, as the patron of hospitality in its truest and most literal sense. But there is another and even more attractive and important character in which he is known to us, and that is as Santa Claus, the guardian and friend of children, and it is in this character that I wish to speak of him. Santa Claus is an embodiment of human attributes and their exponent. We may justly claim for the design and purpose, which are responsible for his being, that they have realized in his creation not only a pleasing, but a noble conception of human character. He is presented to us as a pattern, not as a preceptor. He does not simply teach the lesson of benevolence and kindness, he illustrates them by his deeds. He is the model of an active, discriminating, practical generosity, imparting wholesome truths by means of his own excellent and wholesome example. And he is *sui generis*. In all the range of heathen mythology and attributes of later saints and

representatives of frolic and merry-making and human pleasure, he has, so far as I can see, neither rival nor competitor. Kris Kringle is Santa Claus himself. His realm is that of childhood and his mission is to mold its plastic mind and direct the formative processes of its character and, if I accurately recall the traditions of my childhood, he is the friend of all children, but he is the discriminating benefactor of those who are reasonably deserving. He is an admonition both to parents and their offspring and, if the lessons of his coming fail in any instance of their purpose, it is not because of defects in his plan or lack of wisdom in his method. He stirs the expectant world of childhood with the pleasures of anticipation and hope; coming, as other substantial blessings and really great events are apt to come, silently, he arrives on tip-toes in the night-time; locks cannot exclude nor doors withhold him from his purposes. He surmounts all obstacles and fills that expectant world with bright illusions which, when riper years have dispelled them, charm the memory with happy recollections and bless the character with wholesome results. He is the joyous energetic emissary of Christmas and filled with its spirit, and his own heartiness and happiness are an illustration of the pleasures of unselfishness. Analyze him as you will, his character and his purposes are without a flaw. He is sound, honest, excellent, from his head to his feet, and his example and influence are wholesome and beneficial through and through. Now, it has been a fashion to make merry over the Dutchman's peculiarities, but it occurs to me that they are peculiarities which are capable of realizing both in fancy and fact just such complete and excellent characters as that of this

delightful old friend of our childhood. We judge a mechanic by his works. You cannot, as a rule, judge a Dutchman by his professions, for he seldom makes them; you must judge him as he asks always to be judged, by the result of his labors. And it seems to me very plain that no intelligence but that of a very high order, and no manhood but a very sound manhood, could have conceived and realized this salutary and beautiful illusion of Santa Claus. And the point which I wish particularly to make to-night is that Santa Claus is a Dutch creation. He comes straight from that elder Amsterdam, his headquarters during his earthly sojourn, and if you take away from him his thoroughly Dutch characteristics you ruin him. If he might be made attractive in a Quaker's broad brim or a Puritan's ruff, he would not be Santa Claus. If it were possible to imagine such a calamity as his figuring in the guise of a court jester, the role of harlequin, or in the character of King Carnival, or as the lord of Misrule, he could thus become no substitute for himself. If you and I accepted him, childhood would repudiate him. If with grosser tastes or fondness for more excessive pleasures we should transform him into a Merry Andrew or mythological Bacchus, in the bright realm of childhood nevertheless, which holds the keys of the future and which is the fountain-head of moral empire, there could be no such Santa Claus and no such substitute for him.

But Santa Claus has a virility which resists all change. Those men of New England, our brethren—because few of us, if any, have not a liberal infusion of Yankee blood in our veins—and for this reason it seems fair to conclude, being, as it were, half and half, and seeing, if not precisely double, at

least with two eyes, and so more clearly than in the cyclopean or one-eyed method, and thus more likely to judge without bias upon matters affecting the separate races; those men of New England who persist in finding the early history of this great State in the veritable works of Diedrich Knickerbocker, as there may be those who prefer to take the history of England from "Gulliver's Travels," or the "Tale of a Tub," and the history of Spain from the adventures of Don Quixote, and their knowledge of the common law from the Comic Blackstone; those men of New England whose forefathers, aided by the fleets and armies of Great Britain, found themselves possessed of the power to make a conquest of this beloved island of Manhattan, and therefore promptly made it; those men of New England must admit that their ancestors bore with a heavy hand upon the quaint customs of the conquered Dutchmen. They fell afoul furiously of the Dutchman's gable ends, declaring that they were not after the methods of New England and out of good form, and *mal apropos* to the public streets, till, yielding to the ridicule and bad example, the gable ends and the quaint stoops and dormer windows and the red tiling which softened the glare of the midday light and caught the glow of the rising and setting sun faded out of view, and the streets of New York never grew into those of a Nuremberg, or a type of the old Amstel, or a model of The Hague. And do as he would, the Dutchman never could prevent the Yankee from marrying his daughters, and so was himself changed, and his avoirdupois shrank, and he grew long-limbed and sharp-edged, speaking with a nasal emphasis and walking with a tread reminding one of

"The wolf's long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's ire."

And the isters and Schiedams became fewer, and there was no longer sapaan at night, and the nutmegs came to have a flavor of pine, and the wares of Connecticut and Massachusetts absorbed the markets, until the conquerors, reflecting upon the present and recalling the past, were able to exclaim, in the fullness of conquest and triumph, "Nous avons changé tout cela."

But there was an institution which would not go, although it had its narrow escapes, and that was the institution of Christmas. And there was a personality which would not budge, and that was Santa Claus. He could neither be changed nor transformed, nor ridiculed out of court, nor inter-married. He had come to stay, and he is here to-day, and will remain so long at least as children shall rule their parents in this favored city, and I think they always will; so long at least as the St. Nicholas society shall preserve his traditions and revere his memory; and so long at least as the lessons of zeal and joyousness and kindness and unselfishness are deemed worthy to be taught.

And now to those who prefer to take the character of the forefathers of New York city and State from the legends of Sleepy Hollow, and are disposed to be censorious or mirthful at their expense, carefully remembering to refer them to the testimony of that learned and excellent and impartial Hollander, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly of New York, and of that other Dutchman, the late T. B. O'Callaghan of Albany, we may claim at least that they were of the race which origi-

nated Santa Claus. And when the origin of the common school system, or of other principles are disputed, which underlie the government of this or other States, referring again to the testimony of a Hollander born of veritable New England stock, the Hon. Andrew S. Draper of Albany, late superintendent of public instruction in this State, and to that of another, whose ancestors came from "the banks and braes of bonny Doon," Mr. Douglas Campbell, of this city recently, now of Schenectady, and knowing that Dutchmen gave as early an exemplification of those principles as any, we have a right to say that they were quite capable of originating them who did originate Santa Claus. The prejudices which would have ostracised Santa Claus long since wore themselves out and he dwells now, I am sure, in the hearts at least of all New Yorkers, whatever may be their lineage; and, if I may be allowed to adopt the sentiment of the poet laureate of England in his welcome years ago to the present Princess of Wales,

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Norman and Saxon and Dane are we;
But all of us Danes in our welcome to thee,
Alexandra."

I believe I may truly say that, while we are English and Irish and Scotch and Dutch, we are all of us one in our homage to Santa Claus.' "

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE DINNER OF THE HOLLAND
SOCIETY, GIVEN IN HONOR OF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT,
AT THE FORT ORANGE CLUB, JANUARY 24, 1899

"I am disposed to claim the honor of a three-fold announcement: through the programme for the evening; by His Honor, the Mayor; and by our esteemed and most worthy presiding officer.

The difficulty in making a proper response to this toast arises from the eloquence of the theme itself. The explanatory notes, which accompany the toast, guard the Mayor's prerogatives as sponsor for the city of Albany as a body politic, but they do not lighten—they emphasize—the obligation to speak of its citizens as individuals, and of that common impulse and effort of theirs through which the body politic has derived its character and standing. Whether the response, therefore, should be without the limitations prescribed, that is to say, for the city and all that the term implies, or for the citizen, his customs and his character—in the words of the notes 'for the city as the home of the olekoeks and gable-ends of other days'—it presents an attractive field of inquiry and imposes an important duty. And the obligation is in no way diminished by the fact that it is an obligation to the Holland Society, which in this branch of its membership has so excellent a right to speak for those who have shaped this city's early career and history.

There hangs upon the walls of one of our dwellings, not far from where we are assembled, the three-quarter length portrait of one of Albany's early residents, with which I am quite

familiar. The portrait is of a man in the three-cornered hat, periwig and street garb of the latter part of the eighteenth century, a trim and decorous figure with ruffled shirt front and lace cuffs, holding a cane, useful seemingly from its model and caliber for both offensive and defensive emergencies, the inevitable leather thong pendant from its top, after the manner of those days. This cane, supported in the left hand and turned backwards and caught under the left arm, has a decided tendency to emphasize the characteristics of a face by no means wanting in the indications of a resolute character, and I venture with deference to add, in this respect as well, as notably perhaps in some others, not unlike that of the present governor of New York, and I venture further to observe, wearing glasses as that governor does.

This portrait was painted in 1790, or within the six succeeding years thereafter, and the subject of it was at the time Mayor of this city. The original of the portrait which I have been tempted to describe with something of detail, for the reason that it seems to present a picture from a phase of the actual life of the city of that day, was by no means a carpet-bagger. Fifty-five or sixty years before the date of the portrait he was born here of resident parentage. We thus carry him back well towards the close of the seventeenth century, and by showing the birthplace of his parents might go further still. His children and grandchildren have gone to meet him in the silent realm beyond the confines of earth, but there are great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of his in the membership of the Holland Society and they are here—some of them—to-night, to confirm the right of the Society

to speak for our city, at least by a sort of prescription in regard to its early days. It is a part of the tradition concerning this representative citizen that he dwelt in a well-appointed house, built of Dutch bricks, its roof covered with Dutch tile and presenting its gable ends to the street; and there were to be found without doubt therein, at the right season and in the approved form of the period, the Dutch olekoeks, as well as other incidents of good cheer and comfort, of which the olekoek in those days was suggestive. From these outlines may be filled in something of the details of his public and domestic ways, which may be said, I believe, to be fairly typical of the lives and customs of the public men and well-to-do citizens of Albany at his time.

There are two suggestions which occur to me in reference to the city as being apropos to an occasion in honor of the Governor of the State. The first is in regard to Albany itself —its history, standing and character. The other is in regard to Albany in its relations to the State as its capital city. Sometimes the duties and responsibilities of the city are confounded with those of the State of which it is the seat of government, and then the city is apt to get an allowance of censure, and possibly, although less frequently, of praise, to which it is not altogether entitled.

Some years since I remember greeting here a non-resident, a lady, whose practice it was to return to Albany at intervals; meeting her one autumn day on the State's domain under the very shadows of the Capitol and surrounded everywhere by evidences of the work which was then going on upon it, I was somewhat surprised at her remarking with a rather serious

countenance that the Albanians impressed her more and more, from time to time, as she returned to the city, as displaying a lamentable lack of enterprise. I had been accustomed to seeing suggestions of that nature in the columns of the Albany newspapers, and even to hearing them from an occasional fellow citizen, but was not prepared to expect them from strangers whom I had generally found appreciative rather than censorious in this respect. Upon inquiry if there were any matter in particular which she had in mind, I was informed that any other city in the world than Albany would years ago have completed the Capitol building.

Beyond question there are duties and obligations resting upon our city which are imposed simply by the fact that it is the seat of government. Of these obligations and duties, and especially as to the manner in which they have been fulfilled, it is not my purpose to speak. Whether Albany has in the individual career of its citizens and in its public career as a municipality; in its patriotism and loyalty to the State and nation in time of need; in its educational and scientific enterprises, its charities and benevolences; in its parks and public undertakings from the days of its Relief Bazaars in the time of the Rebellion, nay, from its earliest days to its latest important project for the public good—the erection of the proposed new hospital, now nearly completed, for which our own presiding officer of to-night is so largely responsible; and in all those respects which evince zeal for the public good, been mindful of its own duty and honor, and of the dignity and honor of the great Empire State, of which it is the chosen center of government, it behooves others rather than its citi-

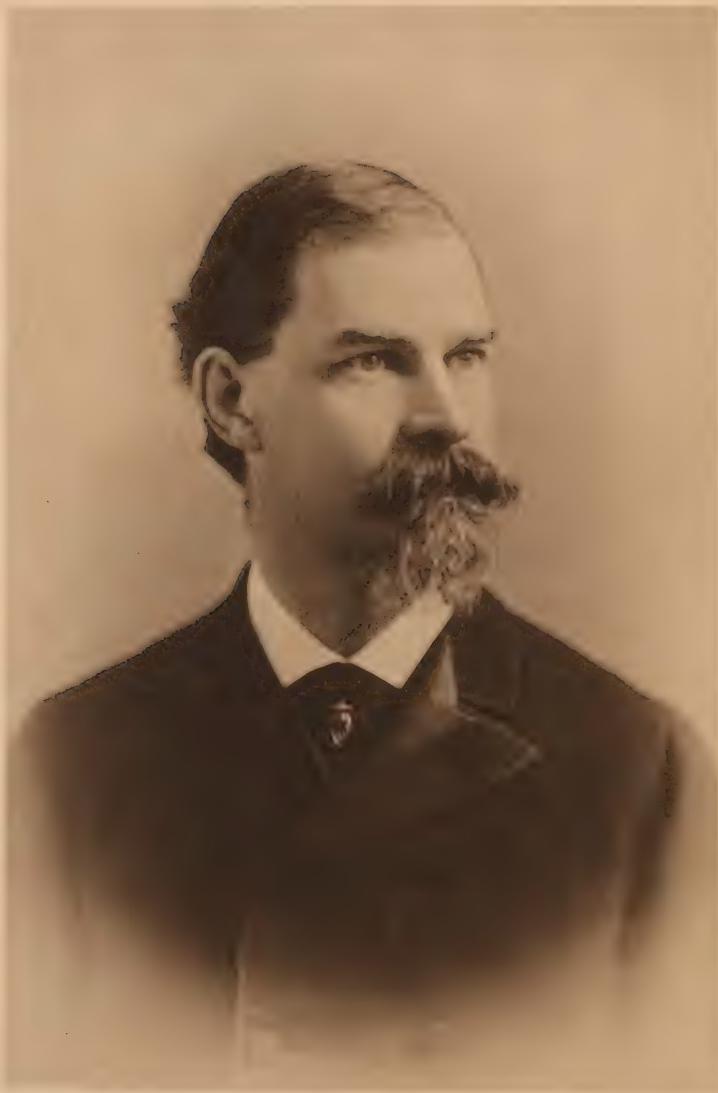
zens to declare. It has always seemed to me, however, in the light of the political history of our State, that Albany had become its Capital City through the deliberate and sober judgment of those whose right and duty it was to make that choice, and by a clear consensus of public sentiment by which that judgment was approved. Without the adventitious aid derived from this selection, it must have been a flourishing community. It may be doubted, in the light of modern days at least, whether its true prosperity has not been retarded rather than advanced by that aid. But that it was the predestined seat of government seems, in the light of the political history of the State, inevitable. It was the selected trading-post of the earliest days of the Colony; it was the objective point of the supreme strategic movement of the armies of the mother country for the subjugation of the colonies in the War of the Revolution; it was and is the practical head of river navigation; it was and is the natural terminus of each of the great artificial waterways which stretched out to the west and north for the commerce of the great lakes.

The seat of government in the early days of the coming empire went tentatively from place to place—from New York to Kingston, from Kingston to Poughkeepsie, and so back and forth, and only came to have a local habitation and a name when by the force of a certain political gravity it became permanently established here. From this natural center of its governmental power the State has risen in a rapid career of political influence and strength and business achievement, for which the world has hardly a parallel. The enlightened legislation which established our means of communication by land

and water; the great body of laws under which finance and trade and commerce and manufactures have found their opportunity; the decrees of the highest State tribunals, which form the body of its common law; the codifications and revisions of the common and statute law, the inspiration and model of so much that is best in kindred law of our general government and of the individual States; and the political acts and edicts which have sustained and rendered possible this transcendent career have had their radiating center in this city—almost, if not quite, the earliest of our land. We can almost trace here the footprints of those who gave form and substance to those movements and measures,—the rulers, statesmen and jurists whose names and deeds are part of the renown of both State and Nation. The interest with which these events have invested the scenes in which they had their source and political being belongs to the State as well as to the city. To preserve and cherish them is the patriotic duty of both.

These interdependent relations of a capital city and State are in these and in other respects the proper concern of both those who represent the State and the city which is the *locum tenens* of the State's authority. That our State recognizes the value of a suitable physical manifestation of its political importance and supremacy is now manifest in its completed capitol. All honor to the firm hand and intelligent purpose of that Governor who resolutely caused the last stone to be laid upon the final trowel of cement in the completion of the work—bringing to this city and to the State, out of the confusion and disorganizing influences of more than twenty years of building operations, the best example and satisfaction of a finished structure."

CAMP ALBANY



Graham Lawrence

CAMP ALBAN

THE following has been written by Mr. Camp Albans, who has given me his permission to publish it. It is a continuation of the notes on the Ristigouche River which I have already published, and portions of it will be found in my "Notes on the Ristigouche River." It is a prelude to it the following extract from a paper taken by permission of the author from the late Dean Sage on "The Ristigouche River."

"The Ristigouche River flows from Lake St. John between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. It is about 200 miles in length, and its course is from 10 to 60 miles long. It divides the two provinces, and broadens very gradually as it descends from the Chaleurs.

It is a noble stream, and its course is such that a canoe may be run over its bed, and abrupt turns, so sudden and so sharp, will also give a variety and interest to the trip. It is rare to find an old woman in the village above Matapedia who does not have her own, outside-of-the-village, canoe. The different forms flow down the great fault of St. Lawrence, and move with a glissade down the bed of the river.



H. H. Newell

CAMP ALBANY

THE following log book was written by Mr. Lansing from Camp Albany on the Ristigouche, during the summer vacations. It is inspired by a rare love of and communion with nature and portions of it are of a high order of literature. As a prelude to it the following extract descriptive of the region is taken by permission of Mrs. Dean Sage from the book by the late Dean Sage on "The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing."

"The Ristigouche River, which forms the dividing line between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, is over 200 miles in length, with four large tributaries, each more than sixty miles long. It flows in a generally northeast direction, and broadens very gradually near its mouth into the Bay of Chaleurs.

It is a noble stream, with no falls or rapids in its whole course that a canoe cannot surmount. Its numerous windings and abrupt turns, so favorable for forming good salmon pools, also give a variety and choice of beautiful scenery which it is rare to find on any river. There is no mile of the Ristigouche above Matapedia which has not some peculiar charm of its own, outside of the wonderful clearness of its waters and the different forms they assume in their rapid journey to the great Gulf of St. Lawrence,—from the long flat, where they move with a glassy and tranquil smoothness, but a swiftness

that has to be felt to be recognized, to the pools, with their thousand little ripples dancing in the sunlight, the white-crested rapid with its waves of might, and the swirling eddies rushing over the rock strewn bottom, where the great salmon rest on their upward way. Of these captivating interruptions to an uniform flow the Ristigouche has an unusual number, which account largely for its excellence as an abiding place for salmon. Indeed we wonder why any of the fish which enter its mouth turn off into the brown stream of the Matapedia, or the slender thread of the Upsalquitch."



the river, and the small number of fish, with their
white crests, were scattered far enough along the white-crested
current to right and left, so that the eddies raised
by the current did not stop the great salmon run on
the main current. At these surprising interruptions to an
otherwise smooth current, the Matapoedia had her unusual number, which
sought for the conditions as an abiding place for
pausing the wonder why any of the fish which enter
the river turn back, or turn off into the lower stream of the Matapoedia, or
into the smaller stream of the Upstiquatch.²⁴



CAMP ALBANY,
RUSTICOUCHE RIVER, CANADA.



THE LOG BOOK OF CAMP ALBANY

1883

June 12.

Left Albany at 1.15 P. M., reached Montreal 10.20, on time.
Put up at the Windsor Hotel for the night and next day.

June 14.

We reached Camp at 7.15 P. M.; took possession and slept in it that night.

June 18.

Camp Albany stands at an elevation of some 40 feet above the Ristigouche. It looks out a little to the easterly of the north star. It is a building 25 feet square, with a roofed verandah nine feet in width on every side. Its interior is divided by a partition from front to rear into two nearly equal parts and the partition rises from floor to roof. The easterly half has a partition subdividing it laterally into equal parts, the cross partition being some eight or nine feet high. It has its chimney on the westerly side. It has a fireplace of no mean proportions, which has never smoked to our knowledge, and we have tested it at all hours. Its large room has two opposite

doors, entering from the verandah front and rear, three windows, two closets, side by side at the rear end, and the fireplace has a crane. The smaller rooms have each two windows. The chimney is by common consent a good one, and the roof by like consent a bad one, but it is well framed and the defect is in the shingling, as no doubt we shall ascertain to a certainty in the first hard rain. On the whole Camp Albany is satisfactory and its owners with good fortune and fair fishing lay up great stores of expectation for rest and comfort and enjoyment beneath its roof.

June 27.

Larry says there is a wild man in every forest. Once on the Upsalquitch 14 were in camp at night and near morning they lay sleeping with their feet to the fire which had nearly gone out. He was cold and restless, got up and looked around, began to be hungry and thought he would "boil the kettle"; then he thought he would light a pipe. Meanwhile he sat down by the smoldering fire, filled his pipe and was fumbling in the ashes for a coal for a light, when he felt a grasp on his shoulder. He made light of that, thinking it one of the men, but as he looked up the grasp left his shoulder, and he found his hands clasped by the hands of a man who had on a dark coat which came down to the knees quite snug. The man then made a motion as if to grasp Larry by the face, when Larry jumped up quickly and the man had gone. He searched the camp in vain for him. Next morning the teamster left the camp, declining to remain in that neighborhood longer.

Wednesday, July 4.

Gave our Indians some delicacies for their dinner and told them they must have a good dinner for the Fourth of July, and also gave them a glass of whiskey all round. Larry declined to take any, but on second thought, being Independence Day, yielded in honor of the occasion and drank the health of the President of the United States.

Thursday, July 5.

My Lord (Russell) and his son put not in their appearance, albeit beds and right good ones were prepared for them, and a dinner got ready which was as good, you may be bound, as any they had :

Bill of Fare

Ox Tail Soup	Claret	Apollinaris
Fish	Bread and Butter	
Salmon Boiled, Drawn Butter Sauce		
Salmon Broiled		

Meat

	Roast Beef	
Mashed Potatoes	Tomatoes	Pickles
Champagne and Claret		

Entrees

Cold Boiled Salmon	Mayonnaise Sauce	Olives
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Dessert

Preserved Peaches, Figs, Crackers and Cheese		
Coffee, Otard		

Trout were reserved for their Lordships' breakfast. Sage said that a gentleman from Buffalo, fishing Alfred's pool below Camp Harmony, struck a good-sized fish there, gaffed him and brought him into the canoe; after the gaff was removed, the fish jumped, broke the casting line and got into the water. The next day, Florence, in a pool known as the camp pool at Harmony, caught the same fish with fly in his mouth, and about five inches of the casting line, and the wound of the gaff in him which had begun to granulate and heal.

Saturday, July 7.

There were sand flies in camp this wet morning, plenty of them. D. O. (Dudley Olcott) assumed that none would be on the river, and went to fish in that faith, without the usual preparations for them. Sand flies have an especial fondness for a man on the beach with both hands employed with a salmon on his fly. He landed both his fish in good style, but it was a case of endurance worthy of the reward he received. He swallowed one of the flies however. Whatever extra compensation there was in that, he had a fit of coughing for the achievement. Larry says it is often a good thing to keep one's mouth shut.

The workmen, when building the camp, dug a hole some ten feet deep on the east side, from which they took sand, and left the hole unfilled. Looking into it the other day, we saw some toads, the skeleton of some animal and two mice. The mice were a bright brown upon the back with a lighter shade of brown or grey on the sides and belly. They had tails over

a foot in length, which dragged on the ground and tapered at the end to a fine point, round with short hair like the tail of a rat; the ears and head and eyes were those of a mouse; the hind legs were long in proportion to the front, and their jumping abilities considerable. These they displayed in efforts to jump to some footing on the side of the excavation, as if to climb out. These seemed to be young. D. O. said they were male and female, and the young had been born in the hole; one little fellow, looking like a diminutive blind mole, ran about at the bottom of the hole, but seemed to give out and die before we stopped observing them. We placed a branch of a tree on an incline from bottom to top in the hole and one of them, the male probably, apparently soon found his way out to the upper air on it. The other, presumably the female, continued its jumping and ran about in frantic efforts to escape. At times it gnawed its own tail, until it was chafed and bloody in places. Going back afterwards, it had gone, probably escaping by the branch; the young lay dead in the pit. We had not seen that kind of mice before. Larry says they have a little rat or mouse hereabout as long as your thumb, but he did not seem to know much of long-tailed mice. The skeleton was possibly larger than that of a rabbit. Larry says the skeleton may have been that of a horse somewhat withered.

Sunday, July 8.

The new City Hall at Albany has been struck by lightning during our absence, and the old Capitol is to be demolished

before winter sets in. This means a park for the new Capitol, and was an object of A. L.'s in the Senate last winter.

Men never breathed sweeter air or drank purer water, ate better salmon or relished more their meals, slept sounder, slept on sweeter beds, enjoyed more the sparkling water and the wild woods, or the luxury of taking salmon, and of fishing in the hope of getting them; or were freer, more contented, happier and less troubled by care or anxiety than we have been during this our first stay in Camp Albany. Care and trouble and anxiety have no home in these woods. They cannot follow one here, whatever may be their pressure elsewhere. To stay here all summer would be a delight, but to go back to our occupations is a duty and to return to one's family and home is a yearning which always accompanies us and prevails in the end over all enjoyments.

The birds sing gaily about us, the wind gently fans us with a refreshing breeze. The woods exhale delicious fragrance. The transparent water moves briskly over the bright river bed. The mysterious forests, dense and solemn, send up their incense heavenward and mingle their perceptible hymn with the rhythm of the moving water. The roof of our picturesque camp shelters us and the piazza courts the breeze; no un-friendly sound grates upon our ears, no uncongenial sight offends our eyes. The day is perfect, and it is Sunday, and we rest from our labors and our sports. Flies and black ones float in the air, but to-day they also "give us a rest."

Bathed and shaved, attired, if not attractive, in our very best, at 5.45 P. M. we stepped into a canoe to fulfill our dinner engagement at six. Larry, in salmon-colored hat band, and

Barney paddled us,—the waters in holiday trim also. It seemed as if they rejoiced to receive their burden; limpid, as purest mountain brook, they lashed the rocks beyond and the beach on either side as if to widen and clear our way; they caressed the canoe with melodious embrace and bent the paddles with complying pressure; they lifted us on buoyant arms and bore us on with elastic motion. If they did not delight to do us service, we might well have thought so; nature was so gracious and benignant. And the light waved a magic wand about us; it painted the skies, it sported gaily on the stream and shores, it glistened on the dark foliage and on the bright wings of the dragon and of the multitudinous and many-colored butterflies. It excelled itself in brilliant effects and in the witchery which it lent to the congenial surroundings. The air likewise, pure as the waters, light as ether, perfumed with the fragrance of the woods; no wonder the salmon leaped to get it, no wonder we rejoiced to breathe it. And it was our own water which floated us; we coasted our own shores, but we were not long in passing beyond them; on our port side, Hero Rapids carried us quickly to the stately mansion of our neighbor and we soon stepped out upon his wharf; and treading the floor of his spacious piazza, entered his capacious halls. His ample, well-appointed dining-hall, with its hospitable fireplace, smacked of good cheer and of comfort. The dinner was excellent. A splendid cut of salmon, boiled, with butter sauce; lamb, roasted; cucumbers and vegetable marrow from the Staten Island gardens of our host, grown from English seed; and many other choice matters beside; sherry and claret and champagne; Scotch whiskey of excellent quality and different

varieties of cigars of the best brands. A fire was lighted after dinner and we sat about the fireplace and talked with the ladies, examined rare assortments of trout and salmon flies and quaint hooks and passed the evening very jovially. The young ladies had made boutonnières, devices of butterflies painted from nature and scarcely distinguishable, which we brought away as souvenirs. It was dark when we came away. We found our canoemen at the wharf and were soon after back at Camp Albany. And so ended our last Sunday in 1883 on the Ristigouche.

1884

Wednesday, June 11.

Left Albany at 1 P. M. via Delaware & Hudson Railway for Montreal en route for Camp. Day fair and warm. Sweny and Sage came with us. Reached Montreal rather ahead of than after time—10.40 P. M.—found Lawrence at Windsor; Florence came in at Junction above Waterford, by train from New York.

Thursday, June 12.

Breakfast about 9. Stores at McGibbon's, crockery at Darling's, hardware at Crope's. Lunch at Windsor café, afterwards at races, where it rained hard; dinner at 7, the six of us at a table together. Train for Matapedia at 10 P. M. Ticket to Montreal and return \$15; ticket to Matapedia and return \$14.70.

June 13.

Reached Matapedia at 7 p. m.; found a number of members at the Club House, among others Dr. and Mrs. Mason, Fearing, Robert Goelet, Dexter of Chicago. A few black fish taken, but one or two bright ones. Reports from below that fish are scarce. Four Indians with two canoes on hand for us, with Larry at the head and Steve to arrive to-morrow, making five. D. O. is to have Larry and Barney; L., Peter and Noel Vicaire. Steve is to cook as last year. Scow also engaged and ready for to-morrow by Robinson, the club manager.

June 14.

At Club House and on river. Up before 6—started at 8—day bright and cool. Hard, black frost last night. Scowman Frederick Wyres. Scow brand new; two good horses; men prompt and willing; it was well loaded with stuff for McAndrew and others besides our own. Sweny came with us to Harmony. Sage, Lawrence and Florence walked. They came down to us as we rested by the shore. We stopped at Nelson's and his wife gave us bread and milk for luncheon, which did us good and tasted better than *pate de foie gras*, almost as good as Postmaster Hyde's canvas backs. McAndrew's fine establishment on the Island below Camp Albany we found a desolation; either the flood or the ice or both had set upon it with a will, uprooted it from its moorings and grounded it, as one of the scowmen said, into match wood. Signs of a new building were apparent, but on a smaller scale;

a small army of workmen were visible on the beach as we passed.

At 8 o'clock Camp Albany came in view, and, of course, to see it from below you must be very near. Battlements of solid ice guarded its approaches and made a rim grim and white against the river's bank 10 and 15 feet high and more in places from Toad Brook to Hero Rapids on the Brunswick side. The Indians with axes and shovels completed the work which Ferguson had begun of digging through the pathway to our house. But the old Camp, in which we lived so pleasantly last year, extended its hospitable arms to us. The fire had been kindled by the detachment of Indians sent before from our scow, in the old fireplace; doors and windows had been opened and beds of boughs made up in the room where we sleep.

June 17.

The day opened warm; now at 12 M. Thermometer 86 in the shade. Found it hot from 8 to 10 on the stream. More happy, we trust, than Robinson Crusoe in the possession of his island, and certainly more enterprising; neighbor McAndrew is fast renewing the structure which fell foul of the spring freshet. The new boards glare out in the hot sun and the din, din, din of his workmen's hammers resound through the solitudes and wakes the echoes "from early morn to dewy eve." The ducks, friends of former years, are with us again, and Ferguson has added to his poultry yard a few geese, which sociably float about the pools and meander upon the beaches.

Ducks are said to be fond of small salmon and geese ought to like them also. Hot, hot, hot. Thermometer at one P. M. 85 in the shade and up to 92 afterwards.

L. fished the lower pools, D. O. the upper this morning. No fish or signs of them. In the afternoon our neighbor fished his pool before our Camp, as he did last evening, but to no purpose.

June 18.

Another hot day. Fished the pools early and in the evening —no fish.

June 22.

Mr. Lewis breakfasted with us; day bright, fair and pleasantly cool. After Lewis left for Wilmot's camp above at Indian House, Dr. Mason, Mr. Pollock and another came up on a scow and stopped. They were in good spirits and enjoyed a half hour at our camp. We opened the locust trees and planted them; one at the northeast, one at the northwest and one at the southwest corner of the camp.

Larry and Peter drove stakes about them and watered them and we all hope and think they will grow. We were very busy preparing dinner when our guest arrived, inspected our premises a little, said he thought the locust trees would grow. He said also that they would grow from the seed and in his experience you gained one or two years in the end by planting the seed of that kind of tree; *i. e.*, when a tree is half grown, you make a gain in transplanting it, but a young shoot is so

much retarded by transplanting that the shoots from seed will overtake and outstrip it in growth. Just after six we served dinner on our front verandah, northeast corner. Peter built a couple of cedar smudges and the smoke, fragrant and pleasant, relieved us entirely of flies. We served soup, which D. O. made a little hot with cayenne, it was remarked, but very good indeed. Every one ate his plate with relish; then boiled salmon, very nice indeed, McA. said, with drawn butter egg sauce and champagne wine and mashed potatoes, bread and butter; then a large broiled trout, with cucumber and onion dressing, same sauce; olives, cheese, black coffee, and cigars. McA. gave us Carolina cigars, which were very good, and which we smoked on the piazza until it grew cool, when we sat inside before a blazing wood fire, and smoked some of D. O.'s Carolinas until after 10, when we lighted our guest to his canoe, and bade him good night, as he moved off down the stream. Then we retired and slept such sleep as early rising, pine air and spruce boughs bring to good consciences.

June 24.

Rain in the early morning; overcast and showering later. Went out about 8 A. M.; dull fishing for L. down in Ferguson's water—not a sign. The Kelly, small and à la mode, and many others rode the water to no purpose. Out from the shores, the sheep, black and white, huddled together, looked on in astonishment; the cattle near by peacefully and unconcernedly chewed their cuds; the birds sang and twittered in the woods; the girls flitted to and fro and peered out from

behind the fences and the sheds, or walked the shore in their brothers' hats; the showers came and cleared; the logs ran or caught in the rocks above; the waters lashed the Chain of Rocks and sped smoothly on as they widened out afterward. The slides and the burnt patches, the poplars and birches, turning over their leaves in the dull light and the hemlocks, spruces and pines, standing dense and green in spiral stateliness, subdued by the all-pervading hush resting on everything, looked on in wonder at the patience and persistency of those in the single canoe riding at anchor in their presence and the zeal with which the fisherman rang the changes on his reel. Dr. Mason came down in the afternoon, paddling his own canoe (a wooden Gaspé boat), with a white man handling the stern. He came ashore, had his camera with him and took a picture of the camp on the west side, in which we all, Indians and ourselves, and rods and gaffs and as much furniture as we could conveniently arrange, were included.

June 25.

Larry says the toads are acting very strangely. A day or two since you could not step on the shore without treading on one; now they have all gone into the woods; they do beat all the toads one ever saw elsewhere. The red squirrels are plenty here this year; they swim the stream and chatter in the boughs. Some of them frequent our premises and lug away whatever edibles they find there. They are surly visitors on our piazza, but shy as they run on the posts and beams before us. They are the quickest and most graceful of all the dwell-

ers in the forest. We invite them to be tame with bits of cracker and sugar, but they seem to grow more timid as they become more familiar with our habitation. An Indian appears to have an inborn delight in the destruction of all the denizens of the woods. Saw the new moon over our right shoulder, a large beautiful golden crescent, as we looked from the wharf this evening up stream. For the Indians have built two wharves, which are a great convenience in landing. The new moon brings high tides, they say, and the salmon ride the high tide to the fresh waters. We must by all reports have them soon.

Steve has a maiden sister who has 11 children. She is eligible as the wife of some bachelor Indian at the Mission settlement. Polycarp's sister has married a doctor of New York. Larry, having buried his wife this spring, says he is on the lookout for another.

June 29.

Breakfast about 8. At 9 took our fire arms, "Honey Cooler" and my shot gun, with D. O.'s barometer and binocular telescope; and Barney and Noel put us on shore at the mouth of Chain of Rocks Brook and we ascended by the path to Daybreak. Found the oat straw of last year's crop piled up around the cow stable, a pair of snow shoes on the logs of the building outside, a promising crop of buckwheat growing, another of oats, another of potatoes and the beginning of a new building further up the hill than the cow shed. A mighty fine clearing and an admirable prospect there is from it to-

wards the river Ristigouche and beyond it. But it is a mighty hot clearing on a day like this; we made pretty short work of the inspection and of the prospect and chose the only sheltered spot on it, and a small one at that, for our stay there,—to wit, a seat on the oat straw at one of the corners of the cow shed, the door of the shed being away from the river, perhaps to keep the cows from going to it on a day like this. Then we found the path through the woods towards the Toad Brook Gulch, progressing by easy stages, resting for a while by the way at times and quietly waiting to see if some living and breathing creature would not come out from the depths of the forest to be slaughtered by our weapons of destruction. We did see a single red squirrel, but he was a quick, vigorous little chap and remained in sight but a moment and so was not a victim. Many a black fly and mosquito and many and many a midget lost their lives through us to-day and we were in a frame of mind at times to have destroyed the whole pestiferous race of them; then we stood at the top of the slide below camp and looked down at and over the river at the hills which outline the more than serpentine windings of the Ristigouche and saw our camp on its farther bank. Then Honey Cooler waked the echoes to long and loud reverberations and its bullets planted themselves on the shore below it, or flattened their noses against its stones. Then at the slide above the camp twice he paid his respects to the opposite beach. Then we saw the Indians at the camp. Then D. O. waved a white handkerchief, meaning to attract attention, but which was taken as a signal of distress and brought a canoe to the other shore. Then we followed a path which Larry tells us

leads to the head of Toad Brook and finding that it wound its way too much in a direction from the river, we struck down through the woods to make a descent to the Brook; and, after some warm scrambling through the trees and among the bushes and the fallen tree tops, reached it, and followed its windings to the river, where Noel and the canoe were. Barney had climbed up the ascent to the slide where he had seen us; D. O.'s rifle called him back. Noel paddled us down to Camp from Toad Brook's mouth and then went back for Barney, who descended the slide and all hands were home again.

Reaching Toad Brook, D. O. filled his hat with its clear and cool, delicious water and we drank such a draught as only thirsty and heated and tired men could relish as we did; no morsel of dainty food, no ingenious compound of liquid ever tasted sweeter. A solitary dug-out with two men lazily wound its way down stream as we stood at the upper slide; the sound of the rifle aroused them and they peered intently at the shore, opposite to that from which the sound came; not a man was visible there or at Camp; and they drifted perplexedly past, settling down to their paddles and the drowsy influences of the air and the dreamy state of the river.

Larry says that the man who rode the horses, which lugged the bunch of canoes up stream the other day, coming down to-day with his horses, riding one of them, saw at Toms Brook on the island there a bull moose. The horses snorted and ran and so did the man. The moose moved not and seemed inclined to dispute any interference with his right to occupy that island.

July 1.

Another hot day. No fish in the morning; each of us rose one several times, but caught none. In the afternoon Mrs. Sage and daughter Susie and all the Harmony party, Sage, Lawrence, Sweny and Florence, came up and paid us a visit or made a call. They were very welcome visitors. They came in five canoes. The sun hot, one of the Indians from Harmony, poling, gave out; they hired a substitute, who came up with them. They had "boiled the kettle" at Brandy Brook and were not in need of anything to eat. D. O. made some tea, of which Mrs. Sage and some others partook and pronounced it good. We urged them to stay over night; we chatted pleasantly on our front piazza; the party inspected Camp Albany and expressed themselves in terms of commendation of the Camp, especially remarking on its neatness and appearance of good order, which was very gratifying. Towards evening, they re-embarked and started down stream. We saluted them with "Honey Cooler" and L.'s pistol as they passed down Hero Rapids. The party had taken all told 14 fish.

July 3.

Larry says horses and cows and the like, when they stray, always work up stream. Men, he says, when wandering, go down stream. The mountain ash flourishes here; it seems to grow wild; there are several on our bank and premises adjoining Camp. L. saw three salmon, good ones, at the head of Chain of Rocks this morning. Captain Sweney seemed much

improved by his three weeks in Camp. He has purchased Nelson's water.

July 5.

Many good and wholesome things are to be found on the banks of this river and in the woods about us. The Townsends years ago reared a fortune on the bark of the sarsaparilla root; granting the variety which grows hereabouts to be the true diaphoretic root, the T's might have found an Hesperidian garden on the Ristigouche and the apples unguarded. The sarsaparilla bush grows everywhere here; its roots ramify in all directions.

The apple sauce, one of our best possessions, never disappoints us. D. O. has a genius for compounding it from way back. He never fails; it is ready always, fresh like the Huyler's every morning, nay every hour, and exceeding nice, especially when it is half peaches. N. B. Run the apples through the colander, but not the peaches.

Easterly winds, pluvial skies, wet weather and cold, breeding high water, multiply the salmon and make them easy to strike and hard to hold; when a salmon strikes hard, he hooks well; he is apt to endure longer, but don't you think he is surer game? And the same kind of weather brings such stuffs as pork and ham and good salt herring to a good market; and it brings comfort into camp, brightens the hearth fire and prolongs the night consultations. It does not demand that you shall hail the sun at his rising from your work on the stream, or fish by moonlight. Then whiskey wanes and champagne lies still and perique is better than vanity fair.

The eye of the toad is famous. It is beautiful as the eye of the gazelle, particularly if seen at midnight by a gig lamp at its nose, and so the bard of Avon, who noticed everything, notices the eye of a toad:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

And so one night, as is duly recorded, the toads singing merrily everywhere, we went at midnight and found this precious jewel (two of them) in the toad’s head, the sermons and the tongues and the books we are reading and listening to continually. Our toads, if ugly, are not of the venomous or unsavory sort; lively are they, with agile heels, mighty in endurance, wakeful ever and watchful, powerful in vocal organ, marvelous in song; gay and sportive fellows, multitudinous, sociable among themselves, and not altogether unfriendly with man, albeit they scuttle away when surprised in great trepidation. Did not Cromwell have warts on his nose? And what an eye had he, yet not more striking than the toad’s, and what a genius had he! Who shall fathom the infinitude of the toad’s capacities? What a pestilence is he to noxious insect life! Why in London the florists buy him at four pence each! Length of days are his also; gnarled and hardy, like the oak tree, mirthful as the cricket, genial and friendly in countenance, secluded and retiring in ways, numerous in offspring, without fear of land or water or fire either,

as we have demonstrated, happy everywhere, in the darkness and in the light, little regarded, much misunderstood, the jolly toad of Canada, let us have him in plaster, carve him in marble, cast him in bronze, celebrate him in song. There's "good in everything."

Sunday, July 6.

Rose early to look at weather indications. Air not cold; fog on the hills, whether rising or falling, uncertain; seemed to be both. Was it likely to clear or would it rain and raise the water? Larry did n't know, I 'm sure. Peter was of the same opinion; on the whole the fair weather prophets had the majority and we determined to move; followed up breakfast with a burying of bottles, a making of inventories, a packing, nailing, tying, labelling, filling of rod cases and trunks and carrying to the canoes until we were ready to start. The twain Ferguson boys were on hand; Lewis came in on his way down; a hard shower came up and we had luncheon of crackers and cheese and some potted ham, which Lewis brought and a plentiful supply of champagne wine, which we drank out of our flask cups. The cheese which we had brandied we left in our closet, hoping, if it did not take itself off, age would improve it, and the frost.

Lewis accompanied us as far as McA.'s, where we stopped to call; found the family at dinner—Mr. and Mrs. McA., Mrs. McA.'s sister and the several daughters at dinner in their tent—all in good spirits. They invited us to join in their meal. We were to dine at Harmony, we told them, and thought we told them the truth, and declined. It was a fine spread, and

very savory—the lamb and the green peas, the cucumbers and the lettuce odorous with rich gravies and sauces. We took some whiskey (Scotch), looked at the new house, now having all its windows well washed by McA.'s own hands and three rooms ready for occupancy and occupied. Well done, McA.! We justly praised his zeal. We had a cigar also and then departed smoking it. At Ferguson's found Lewis and young Peto, who was poling his way up stream and, having lost his goods and chattels in the Waddell fire, was picking up what articles of comfort and luxury he could find en route. Lewis and he were talking together on the beach. We landed, of course. Peto had lost five and twenty dollars in silver by the fire and seemed pretty well broken up financially. We invited Peto to take some few things left in our camp closets, said good bye, and the two canoes, that of Lewis and our own, started down stream. D. O. and L. rode in one canoe, Larry and Barney with them. Peter and Noel paddled Stephen. Stopped and saw Madame Mowat in Sunday array, and again at Nelson's, where Alice Mowat was with her sister; we spent a little time in conversation there in deference to D. O.'s relations to the Mowat family and ours to Nelson.

A canoe was anchored in front at Harmony and some one was angling there for trout. A well-dressed figure against the light and the shore, slim, vigorous, jaunty and well-poised, gracefully whipping the stream in a comfortable, nonchalant way, fair to see and extremely postprandial in suggestion; it proved to be Lawrence. We drew up in good order and he welcomed us civilly, with one of his admirable smiles, full of kindness, of mischief and of strength, and came ashore.

Sage, Sweny and another visiting them were at Camp and came out. Florence had gone away with Mrs. Sage the day before. Our appetites were sauce forhardtack. Our noses listened for the first sweet savor from that distinguished kitchen. There was many an expression of pleasure at seeing us and much incidental commendation of the dinner which had been served that day at the camp table. George had equipped himself for the occasion, and great as his ordinary successes are, had that day, in especial honor of expected guests, determined to excel himself, and had succeeded. All hands, first or last, bore testimony that Delmonico could not have excelled George. There was a profusion of regrets that we had not come down to that dinner, in which we might have joined more heartily if we could have been persuaded that we had not. In fact, the dinner hour, whatever it was, for we never knew, had passed, and the dinner too. Six miles of water lay between us and Matapedia; day was waning; we would have been glad of the crumbs which fell from those rich men's table; wine was plentiful, poured out abundantly, cold and sparkling. Were we to starve, we who had come to be feasted? Olcott suggested a biscuit, and that brought about a cold repast of lamb and bread and butter, etc., which, if it did not equal the dinner, served a mighty good purpose. It was the first fresh-killed meat eaten by us in three weeks; and we left happy in the fact that we were neither hungry nor thirsty, and wiser for the fact that we had missed probably as good a dinner as has been served on the river Ristigouche, above the Matapedia at all events.

Camp Harmony was very trim and orderly, fine as silk, an

example to the whole river. Swept and garnished well, they said it was for Sunday and for us. From the beam, which reaches from behind the eaves from side to side, swung yellow bags of ham and bacon; lengthwise at the sides near the main partition spread the table, long, ample, hospitable, with its benches and neat new rubber cloth. Out from the side rooms and about the spruce-bough beds peered new crisp tarleton and mosquito bars; on the walls the old familiar pictures which His Grace the Duke of Beaufort placed there and others more recently. No display of kitchen ware or crockery; a kitchen outside (and a stove, alas, a stove) and a servant to look after it—an accomplished city-bred and city-trained servant, George of Brookline and of Lawrence's household, an African, a barber and a cook, a body servant par excellence, a master of ceremonies, as reported to us by the whole camp, who ought to know, a great man, and a favorite there, and getting as much fun out of everything as anyone else.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Experience, an admirable schoolmaster ever, teaches many a lesson in the woods. Nothing sets the wits agoing like personal discomfort. Under such a spur man's ingenuity is often remarkable. But the wit of woman is past all comprehension. "It is all well enough," said one, "for the head and the neck and the arms and the hands, with the veils and the helmets and the gloves and the tar and oil and the carbolics; but what good are veils and helmets, and how is one to use oil and tar otherwise? I have been taught a lesson that I can't forget, and I have woolen stockings which rise, well—above the knee, and garters at the top of them, good ones, I assure you. Sir, you should see

the size of them. I have top boots and a pair of masculine trousers and I defy the whole crepitating insective race from a punky to a pinching-bug." "Why," said she, "when I came untaught to tempt the perils of this wilderness I was confident and feared not. I had veils and gauntlets and all that in abundance, and what cared I? I put them on, becomingly, I hope, but anyway in great profusion; then I went fishing in silk stockings and low shoes. I had a rare experience, I can tell you. Every power of endurance I had was strained to the utmost. I was as decorous as I could be, but I cut that fishing party short at the earliest opportunity; no one could have reckoned the number of mosquitoes which assailed me in a most clandestine manner; you could scarce have counted the marks they made on me from the insteps upwards; they were a sight to see. I wish you could have seen them." The connection may be remote, but the recital suggests an incident of the park. "Go," said a lady to a gentleman, "go immediately, call some one; a bug has gone down my back." "Madam," said he, "had I not better go for the bug?" If the bug had not been found, the fact would have been undoubtedly related. Of course it is useless to look for mosquito bites several years old.

Larry smiled from ear to ear as he said good bye to L., and seemed ready to launch forth, gray hair and all, into a war dance. "What pleases you so, Larry?" said L. "I dunno, I 'm sure," said Larry. Barney beamed, but was reticent, though cordial in his good bye. That sort of exhilaration, thought we, is such as champagne produces; at all events we never saw the champagne we brought in the canoes again, or

the ale either; and I 'll lay a wager of four half-pints that we won't find it there next year. Peter and Noel were in better trim, when L. paid them; they were all right and we hope remained so. They brought Steve down, and had nothing in their canoe of the sort. We brought it in our own canoes, with Larry and Barney, that it might be under personal supervision.

1885

June 11.

At Montreal; breakfast about 8.30 o'clock. Titus père et fils made their appearance, also Lewis, our guest for a night last summer, and with him Herrick, President of the New York Produce Exchange; Jones (the younger) of the "New York Times," and a friend, Mr. Wing, came into the Windsor restaurant while we were lunching. Two years ago we had met Jones and his father; they were at the Salmon Club when we came on that year, memorable for the yield of salmon and the large scores made on the Ristigouche. Father and son were the only occupants of the club house for a time early in that season, and were in luck. We had reason to remember the younger Jones and were glad to see his genial face again. He not only catches salmon neatly, but he brews a superb cocktail. All these gentlemen were bound for salmon rivers; Titus and son for the Great Cascapedia; Lewis and Herrick for the Bonaventure, which Lewis has leased; the rest for the

Ristigouche. Were busy during the day eking out our stores not forwarded by freight in advance and in arranging for our sleeping berths.

The way luxury is creeping up the banks of the Ristigouche is appalling. What with our neighbor McAndrew and his palatial residence and the Club and Camp Harmony and its lessees and Billy Florence and Sweny, it is reaching us here at modest, merry Toad Brook with rapid and dismaying strides. It looks as if Dean Sage might be left alone to combat the warfare on discomfort and to sigh for Arcadian simplicity. Well, Dean sighs and scolds, too, they say, but beneath the spacious porch of Harmony the well-filled larder bursts its plethoric sides, and salmon fishing is almost an incident to the genial hospitality which reigns there the season long, and is elaborate enough for dukes and lords. Indeed, the hardships which Sage endures for the sake of his principles, if they entitle him ever to a martyr's crown, will not be likely to induce him to submit his claims in that respect to a jury selected from those who whip the Ristigouche. Go it luxury, pell mell, say I; let us have comfort. Not mean, miserable, self-seeking, all-grasping selfishness, but such comfort as genial hospitable souls enjoy and love to share with friends and strangers when they go a fishing—comfort just as much as we can get and can afford. After all, that is the touchstone by which we must test everything, aside from moral tests—dollars and cents.

Left Montreal at 10.20 P. M. for Point Lévi, by train. Edward, the porter at the Windsor this year, as heretofore, ran us through the Canadian custom house and had our luggage ready at the train.

That moderate, frugal repast before a blazing camp fire was as comforting to our stomachs, as would have been the viands at the Lord Mayor's dinner, or by contrast was an epicurean feast to the breakfast at the Victoria Tavern at Point Lévi. Oh! *Dei Gratia Regina*, what barbarities are wrought in thy name! What reputable mortal, unanointed man or woman, either, would tolerate the bestowal of his name or hers on such a caravansary as the Victoria Inn at Lévi?

Saturday, June 13.

Scow ready, Indians on hand, freight arrived and express matter. Not a thing gone wrong, excepting the crank of the grindstone which—the crank—had its head broken. Florence remarked that we should have no cranks in our party anyway; perhaps we needed none; however, that crank had its head broken, but the treadle will answer without. We asked Florence to go with us on our scow to his fishing grounds below Grog Island, where he is to erect his tent and gather his Penates about him alone.

It is a long journey for a scow from Matapedia to Camp Albany against the quick water, over the stony bottom and along the hard and often rocky beach. The iron hoofs of the horses strike the stones along the resounding shores and splash through the water upon the flinty bottom, while the patient driver, watching the scow and minding the “team” and goading them on, or cheering them and listening for directions, seems, next to the horses, to have the hardest labor. The

task of the rudder-man is not an easy one either; the heavy rudder plies to and fro continually, as the craft ferries from side to side, or bends around the quick curves in the shores. The rudder-man (helmsman) became driver as we neared the end of the journey and the driver became passenger, save that he lent a hand now and then at poling. Put on a third horse on the way up, which facilitated matters and expedited the journey. Miles, who lives down stream—one of the brothers—asked to have a few bags put aboard and carried up to his brother at Brandy Brook, which, of course, was assented to, and so Miles came along on the scow with the men and did some of the work. Miles had been at Campbleton, where he saw, so he said, 150 salmon in Porter Mowat's ice-house—the result of one day's work by the netters there. No salmon there, said Miles, was under 26 pounds; most of them over 30 pounds and several of them weighed 40 pounds. We left Florence at his camping ground about 10.30 A. M.; he has leased a stretch of river there from Moor and others. We went ashore; the men "boiled the kettle"; Florence refreshed us with some biscuit and claret and we left (at 12.20 P. M.) him there with his Indians spreading his tents and stowing away his stores. Camp Harmony will scarcely leave him to entire solitude, and if comforts and conveniences, comestibles *et id genus omne*, can make man happy, he is not likely to suffer. Stopped at Nelson's and took on potatoes, 20 bushels in bags, also a box of eggs, some bread and a crock of butter. Friend Miles disembarked near Brandy Brook and took his bags with him, or left them on the shore below or on the scow to be delivered on its downward voyage. At all events, Miles pushed

off in his dugout into the stream below the brook and we went on our way without him. At Ferguson's we tarried again; a procession of Fergusons, young and old, went to and from the house and scow in a pelting rain with our boxes and our barrels, our pots and kettles, our bath tub and our various household effects. When the three horses came aboard, the jaded animals tramped through the water beneath their feet and the rain above their heads, through the Chain of Rocks along the Hero Rapids, and drew the scow to our beach at about 8.40 o'clock. The rain had ceased to fall and we made our way to the Camp, and wasted no time in getting things settled. So Moor was paid, his brother and men had a drink of whiskey; the horses were stabled under the canopy of heaven and we went to bed on the bough beds Ferguson had made and slept our first night this year at Toad Brook,—slept like the seven sleepers, while the rain poured without and far into the Sunday morning.

We have five Indians: Imprimus:—Stephen De Dam. Steve is Major Domo, Cook and Lord of the Bed Chamber, Airer of the Blanketing, Master Stoker, Chamberlain of the Smudge Pots, Ruler of the Ice House, Head Carpenter, Earliest Bird of the Morning, Last Messenger of the Night, Waiter in Chief, Arbiter of the Indian Council, and Monarch of all he surveys when our canoes are out on the stream, and he is also Keeper of the Keys of all excepting the wine room and the main lockers. Second:—Peter Soque Caple. Peter is the Admiral of the Fleet, Chief Philosopher, Major Metaphysician, Expounder of the Weather Signals, Pilot in A. L.'s canoe, Overshadowed Overseer of the camp forces, also Chap-

lain of the Indian Camp. Third:—Barney Barnaby. Barney is Head Granger, Ruler of Weights and Measures, Prime Estimator of Avoirdupois, Chief Explorer and Sachem of the Camp Equipage, Emissary in Chief, Ambassador, Secretary of Legation, also Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Pilot and Grand Gaffist in D. O.'s canoe, Chief Whittler and Axeman and Boss Tier of Twine. Fourth:—Noel Vicaire. Noel is Prince of the Anchor Ropes, Caster and Stayer of the Sheet Anchor, Strategist and advance picket in Warfare with the Log navy, also Sovereign and sole Gaffer—his domain is limited to L.'s canoe. Fifth:—Louis Michir. Louis is a puzzle unsolved; whatever language he speaks, he uses but little of it. He can smile peacefully—has a set of handsome white teeth and hair as black as night and stiff as wire—he wears a shirt as red as carnage—he is also a pilot of bow oar—head centre of ropes—Caster of the Sheet Anchor, Advance Guard in the onset of logs in D. O.'s canoe. With this complement of men, our domestic interests are served and our canoes manned.

Larry is dead, and with him dies much special and valuable knowledge of these woods and the Ristigouche. A connecting link between the present and the past is now gone. Larry seems to have died a victim to his taste for fire-water. His last days, according to Barney's account, were cheerless enough. His continued inebriety led to neglect of all the little precautions, which an Indian naturally takes, and he died from cold, produced by exposure. Barney says his friends were alienated from him by his conduct. Larry had lost his wife just before he came up here with us last year; no doubt her care and restraint would have exerted a better influence

upon him. Larry had no children, but he had adopted, he and his wife, a little girl who became the wife of our man Steve. So Larry took Steve to live with him last winter, but in his prolonged orgies drove him out into the winter's cold, creating, it would seem, much feeling at the Mission. Barney tells us that scarce any went to the funeral.

June 14.

Order was to be made out of the chaos upon which the Sunday dawned at Camp Albany. The day was bright and warm and we fell to work until the whole artillery of the camp had been unlimbered and all its ammunition stored away, so that we were in fair plight for the season's campaign. The grass had grown nicely over the whole clearing; the foliage in the woods is unusually fresh and green this year; the river full and lively, clear but not quite settled from the rain. Camp Albany had survived the winter without a scratch. They say, Ferguson and his boys, that it was bedded in snow to its eaves. Its roof must have looked like the summit of Old Squaw's Cap down the river when in the dead of the Canadian winter she rears her snow-clad peak high heavenward.

Barney was eight years a sailor in the merchant service. He had one voyage in a Norwegian vessel, but abandoned that particular service because he did not speak that language very snug, and because he did not understand it at all. When the order came, "Batten down the hatches, throw overboard the diamonds," in good Norwegian, Barney, with ready instinct and quick intelligence, looked over the situation, knew

what ought to be done, guessed at the meaning of the tongue unknown to him and went and obeyed and did his work well; but Barney became tired of living solitary among his fellows and preferred to serve in ships where he could enjoy the yarns spun in the forecastle. When tents are to be reared, trees to be felled, knots to be tied, bough beds to be made, special duties to be done, Barney is real captain of the host, the most willing and ambitious Indian we have had in Camp. Barney likes a swig of whiskey, but has never indulged to excess in Camp and never gets a chance.

Monday, June 15.

The wind blew and the shutters swung in the night, but we heard little of it until there came a loud crash near morning. D. O.'s washbowl bit the dust on the back porch and went to smithereens. The shutters were nailed fast to-day; *verbum sapientibus*. This is really the first mishap in our camp; nothing larger than a tumbler has before this come to grief. Of all the camp crockery carried to Ferguson's and back, year after year, but a small saucer has been broken.

Thursday, June 18.

Called on McAndrew and family, found them at dinner; the young ladies placed chairs for us and we sat at table until the meal ended; afterwards smoked a cigar on the porch and came away. Conversation turned on fishing. McA. has his brother with him this year, a salmon fisher in foreign waters.

or waters over the sea. This brother of McA.'s not only makes his own flies, but his rods and reels, possibly his lines. He fishes with great zeal and persistency, more so, if possible, than his brother, our neighbor.

Speaking of the netting of the mouth of the rivers and the purchase of the rights of the netters, the fishing rights are appurtenant to the soil on the banks. McA. seemed to think the purchase impracticable as being altogether too costly a method, even if practicable. He says, however, that purchase of netting rights on only one side will answer every purpose, and for this reason, that when salmon find an obstruction to their passage up on one side, they will tend like a flock of sheep to the opposite side, following each other after once the current of salmon sets that way. The senior McA. seemed to think that the purchase of the rights on one side the river, or on both sides, would be of little avail without some restraint upon netting farther out on the coast at the river's mouth, or about it. But we know that large numbers are yearly taken in the tide way nets, notwithstanding the nets at the mouth; and assuming the latter not to increase in numbers, the removal of the nets which are farther up must save to the pools all that would be caught in them—very large numbers according to accounts.

Mr. McAndrew has three daughters, Belle, Marion and Mabel. The sister of Mrs. McA. and Mr. McAndrew's brother are also with him this year. The family are now in deep mourning for Mrs. McAndrew, who died recently. D. O. and L. remember her with great kindness. She was most civil and obliging as a neighbor and we regret her loss most sin-

cerely. The young ladies are getting a thorough education in wood craft; they pole and paddle their canoes and try a hand at logging; they have graduated in troutting and will be soon taking salmon. They take pictures in photography also and last winter presented us with a good picture of our camp and another of our Indian shanty.

Friday, June 19.

D. O. went down to fish the Ferguson Pool; caught a salmon weighing 18 pounds. Another rose to his fly there. In the afternoon struck a very large fish in Camp Pool. It was just at the Silver Doctor's hour; it looked to him from the size of the fish that he would take a very late dinner that evening, but the fish only played with the fly and dropped it. He was just pricked. L. rose and held a good fish in lower O. pool, but for a short time. The reel started, but the fish dropped off while the anchor was coming up. Heavy thunder shower about a quarter to six p. m. Barometer $29\frac{9}{10}$, so a passing storm, but a good one while it lasted. The rain came two ways on our front; the heavy drops converging from the easterly and westerly and forming the apex of a triangle in front of us. They pelted the stream well and the artillery of the skies reverberated through the hills and the lightning lit up the stream. The shower was over before 6 p. m.

June 20.

D. O. fished the O. pools; took two fish weighing 21 pounds and $25\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. A. L. fished Ferguson's pool and lost a

fish. We pay Ferguson for the privilege of fishing his water this season \$30. Down at the head of the Chain of Rocks are "The Whales," a school of them, for all the world like the Leviathan of the deep. They rear their rocky backs and sides above the swift water and help the ridge of rocks at the head of the rapids to dam the current into a broad expanse of comparatively still water, which reaches back to meet and receive the torrent which pours down Hero Rapids. The whales rise some 10 feet or so above the stream at mean water. Peter says that this spring the rafts and scows went over the tops of the whales, clearing them without a scratch. Peter has a wife and seven children, but he has been twice married and has grown children by his wife of a former marriage, who are not reckoned. This is better for the government than most Indians, but Peter is a patriot, as well as philosopher and husband. Noel has a wife and four children, all small, seven years old he supposes.

June 21.

Our second Sunday in camp. We were up reasonably early for Sunday morning and in view of the hour at which we retired last night. We shaved and made a Sunday toilet. We had five salmon in our ice house and determined to send them out; so the Ferguson boys were deputed to take them to Matapedia. The salmon went to Miss Olcott, Mrs. Lansing, R. W. P., J. G. F., Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Ives and Mr. Stearns, all of Montreal, who have a lease of the

Quebec side at Chamberlain Shoals and above, came down to call and stayed until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The lands on the Brunswick opposite them, as above us, are leased by S. Waddell of pleasant memory. S. Waddell's stake is now removed from our premises, but S. Waddell is still apparently impressed with the idea that he had leased the waters which we fish and own above our camp—the Olcott pools. He sent a messenger down stream to spy out the land last week and he informed L., when fishing above, that Mr. Waddell's line bounding his leased lands was opposite Toad Brook and extended on the Brunswick side from a point opposite Toad Brook to Toms Brook. The mistake of S. Waddell seems to be in assuming that, because the Brunswick government lease all their fishing rights between those two points, the lease covers rights of fishing which do not belong to the government. The party of Montreal gentlemen, while they anticipated some trouble with S. Waddell, were consoling themselves with the knowledge that his partner in the lease, or co-lessee, is a gentleman and a Christian.

June 22.

Dr. Mason and Mr. Higginson called on their way to the club grounds at Indian House. The Club are putting up a house at Red Pine Mountain; other members of the Club had preceded Dr. Mason. Day cool. Thermometer at 10 A. M. 58. Were out before 6. D. O. hooked a fish in O. pools which came off at the gaff. Logs running fast and strong. L. saw a good fish in Ferguson's pool, but did not get him up.

Sage has leased a part of his fishing this year to a party of New York gentlemen. Mr. Dumont seems to be the lessee. They have a camp opposite Mowat's, which is supposed to take the chromo from every camp on the river. Mason says the party calls its camp "Camp Reckless." Their note paper has that heading; by that sign they mean to conquer. Their device is a man in a red shirt, killing salmon. Their camp is the sensation of the season down stream.

The logging season being hard upon us, we were out pretty early this morning. The drive is believed to be a day's journey above us, reckoning a day from 4½ A. M. to 8 P. M. Soon after 7 the logs gathered thick and fast about us and at 7½ were running snug, as Larry would say, and we were driven off the water.

We shot at a mark with "Honey Cooler," and afterwards the culinary head of the drive paid us a visit and announced the approach of its rear guard. He had a drink of whiskey and water, and saying that the drivers were "hard by," we put on our waterproofs and sallied out in the rain to see them get the logs off the rocks below Toad Brook, where they had lodged in great numbers. Then it cleared and we sat on the beach, awaiting. McAndrew and his entire family came up in their canoes and waited with us; but a shower threatening, they fled for home. D. O. and L. tarried awhile, when the rain again began to fall and the men ceased work without disentangling the mass upon the Toad Brook rocks—driven off by the pelting rain which came with thunder and lightning. Last year the drivers came down with noise and shouts enough to frighten the fish in the stream. They were down river men

nearing home after the long winter. To-day they came without a sound excepting that of handling the logs with their iron spikes and pries and the splashing of horses and their own feet. These drivers are up river men and are going away from home. The men in the cook's scow built a rude shanty on our beach above us and in that the drivers slept in their wet clothing, with feet to the fire at the open front of the shanty.

Wednesday, June 24.

At about 6 this morning the drivers had disentangled the mass of logs on the rocks in midstream above us and river was clear from Camp up, when A. L. went out soon after 6 to fish O. pools. Took a fish in upper pool weighing $21\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Wind high and cold. Thermometer 56 degrees. Had fire. L. took two fish in the afternoon weighing 10 pounds and 18 pounds. D. O. took a fish in front of Camp, in the afternoon, weighing 23 pounds. McAndrew sent up a leg and loin of mutton, with his compliments.

June 25.

Rained during the night, but river fallen notwithstanding; sun out in the morning, but clouds lowering. Midday hot. Thermometer 84, bright and clear. L. fished two pools before Camp in morning without a sign. In the evening about 6 went down to Ferguson's pool, where the fish were jumping; struck a small fish which played well and jumped a number of

times, but pulled out. Another larger fish started the reel, but was off before the anchor came in. After dusk struck a fine fish which made magnificent play; four times he showed his body above the water; he towed nicely in to shore and seemed well fagged; came ashore with him and three times quartered him in for gaffing; the second time after a furious shoot down stream with L. chasing along side of him; then another pull to the shore within gaffing reach; then another spurt into the stream; then up to the gaff again, where he went away, leaving a very disgusted man to reel in the line and go home, just as McAndrew's boat came up. The ancient Moses was discovered in a growth of bulrushes. The modern idea of Moses puts the rushes on his face. But it is not recorded anywhere that Moses was a fisherman.

June 26.

Dr. Mason passed down, also Higginson; they had taken nine fish. Dr. Cameron also came down going out; had taken a fish on his way, Peter said probably at the mouth of Jourdan's Portage Brook. Cameron said the fish would not come up to a fly; the water, he said, was too full of froth after the shower. But the fish seem to be at the mouth of the brooks and on the bay. The storm had passed about 6. D. O. went down to Ferguson's. L. went up to O. pools. A fish jumped between the slides, L. dropped down to him; he was well in at our shore; tried him with a Mallard wing, a Curtis, a Blue Doctor, a Jock Scott, a Fiery Brown and "The last chance"

and a Silver Doctor to no purpose. Dropped down to the bar and fished with a Silver Doctor, it being dusk. Struck a fish which jumped and gave good play, but pulled out. Went back to the bar and when quite dark struck a fish; had formed a plan and announced it to the Indians to tire the fish out and then tow him down past the camp and call D. O. with a lantern. D. O. had not yet come in; we carried out the plan, and calling out, Steve came out with a lantern and at 8.25 gaffed him by the light; he weighed 21 pounds, and gave fine sport.

June 27.

Went out this morning after 7. Day bright and clear and warm. L. fished camp pools, L.'s pool and shoal water above Hero Rapids. After 10 A. M. struck a fish near the head of Hero Rapids and gaffed him below McAndrew's, on his beach. He weighed $21\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. D. O. fished O. pools and took two fish just at the head of the bar; they weighed $22\frac{3}{4}$ and 23 pounds. When L. came into camp he shouldered his shot gun "Blunderbuss" and went up stream to see D. O. fish, calculating on a ride back in O.'s canoe; around the point found Waddell's guardian and while talking with him, O. fishing in sight just above, O. struck a fish which seemed to have his mind set upon the tide ways. L. followed O.'s canoe down to Camp, where he found Sage and Sweny, who had come up from Harmony to make a call; they were at the Camp and came down, the Harmony Indians, "Jock" and the rest, sitting on the beach. O. passed down with his fish clearing

Nelson's scow then going up stream. Sage followed down stream a ways, but the fish was bent on going over the rapids, and we all gave up the chase and went back to Camp, waiting for D. O.'s arrival. O. landed his fish and gaffed him below McAndrew's; then McA. stopped him to read a letter to him from Robinson, expounding the law as to netting, and discussed the Le Ferge matter, and so O. was a long time getting back. When he came in, Steve having meanwhile set about cooking, the table was spread and we had a warm luncheon. We smoked on the porch between 4 and 5 p. m. Sage and Sweny floated down stream. Then we went out on the river. Soon after 6 there came up, or rather down, through Toad Brook Gulch, a cloud as black as night, threatening wind and rain in large measure. L. took refuge when the storm came, as it did with blackness and thunder and lightning, in Ferguson's shed and after the storm went out and fished until dark.

As we were sitting down to breakfast after 10, Mr. Phair, the Fish Commissioner of New Brunswick, came and sat down with us. We had a chat with him afterwards on the porch. He gave us a copy of the Dominion fishery laws. He spoke of his proceedings in establishing the riparian rights of the New Brunswick owners. He looked at photographs. We gave him our cards; he promised to send a copy of his official report to us and left just before a thunder shower. Phair said that salmon caught now and smoked were far preferable to those purchased in the market. The fish now are fat and in good condition—much better than those taken later, after the market for fresh salmon is about over, which

are generally smoked for market. Then fish smoked in the method used on the stream are far better also. That method is this: Build a smokehouse where the wind will reach it; dig a trench leading to the house and cover it; build the fire in the further end of the trench and allow the smoke to suck through the trench into the smokehouse. No fire is then in the house and the fish get no fire, but all smoke. The salmon need not be salted for so long a time by this process. When this is well and properly attended to, smoking and all, the salmon will be excellent—no other smoked fish better, if as good.

A heavy thunder shower set in to stay soon after Phair left and then the rain came down fast and hard. Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Smith, of Boston, came down stream on their way to the Club; had some crackers and cheese and a glass of Dow's ale. Spent about an hour with us and went on their way. The rain had ceased for a time when they went, but soon set in again with vigor; the rain fell hard, with sharp lightning and loud thunder, all the afternoon. The water rose in the river; the thunder and lightning abated, but the storm lasted until we had dined, smoked, philosophized, discussed fishing rights and put ourselves up for the night.

This log will be memorable not for what it says, but for what it fails to say. Events transpire, and little incidents and experiences, new and interesting, happen to us, which find no mention. Other employments supervene at the time and when opportunity offers, fatigue or disinclination, maybe laziness, triumphs, or memory does n't serve, and so they survive to recollection pleasantly, but without date or definite habitation.

"So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long,
But they never fold their pinions
In the little cage of song."

If you wish to hear the birds sing, go out at the daybreak. That means, in this region at this season, at half after two in the morning.

A. L. popped beneath his mosquito bar into bed last night about $1\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock A. M. D. O. was all ready, and promised to put out the lantern and follow suit; the lamp had burned out. But the spirit moved him otherwise. He lit a pipe and went and sat on the porch. Stillness—but the rush of the waters, and the voices of the toads, to whom all times are convenient—and night rested upon the woods and stream, fog also lowering half way down the hillsides. Then his pipe smoked out, the spirit did not move him couchward; he lighted a cigar and, while he peered into the weird and mysterious quiet, a pencil of light glimmered in the east. The note of the robin, last sentinel of the day and herald of the dawn, first faint and uncertain, then bold and heroic, invaded the silence. "That bird," said he, "has made a mistake." The watch said it was half-past two, but the chariot steeds of the sun had been harnessed and day was reasserting its sway; scarce later than the first faint glimmer of the dawn, the forest became vocal with song. We sallied out together to listen and see. The advancing light painted an obscure and fanciful picture through the fog on the spiral tops of the cedars and the white trunks and phantom boughs of the poplars and birches—a phantasmagoria. The air resounded with melody, every song

bird was jubilant, and they vied with each other and responded to one another in exulting chorus. Along down the aisles penetrated the morning trill of the solitary thrush and up from the depths came the answering response, far away and near by; they called and replied; the redbreast whistled and shouted, the warbler wound himself up in his loudest and most spiral perplexities, shooting like a butterfly on a flower from a substratum of wild and delicious melody towards dizzy and unattainable intricacies of song. The toads do not come in here fairly; nevertheless they, always on duty, never undemonstrative, maintained a plebeian and persistent gurgle along the beach. So ended a rainy Sunday, which, with all its rain and thunder, we should mark with a white stone, and which will often come back to recollection to solace some quiet hour in the city and to serve as the subject of some post-prandial talk at home.

Monday, June 29.

It has rained nearly all the night and appropriately to wash day the rain continues to fall and the roof to shed its water plentifully this morning. The river has risen two feet. It is now 9.45 A. M. We have not been out on the stream. McAndrew, Senior, passed up some half an hour ago. Thermometer $65\frac{3}{4}$; Barometer $29\frac{9}{10}$. Two scows have just gone past with a party and their luggage bound to the Kedgwick, Moor's scow. D. O. says he means to have an India rubber bag another season. D. O. fished the camp pools. He took a fish which weighed 28 pounds. He hooked another good

fish, but lost him; at the gaff the hook dropped. L. had one rise, but got no fish. After luncheon, fished the same pools respectively. D. O. brought in a fish which weighed $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. L. saw nothing. Rain continued, river rising very much, a heavy freshet. Muddy, and filled with floating tree tops, logs and sticks. Never saw the water so high or the stream so muddy.

Peter and Noel saw a fish close at shore. L. fished very near the shore. Peter said the fish cannot stand the heavy current and must settle near shore. L. thought the salmon could not see the fly in the dirty water. He tried the current, but the anchor dragged. Rafts and scows came down; one (a raft) passed D. O. as he was fishing above Hero Rapids. The solitary individual who was bringing it down betook himself to shore before it reached the rapids, where it went to pieces. The mouths of the brooks have receded into the woods. Thermometer 61. The water reaches the vegetation on the shores and the beach is wholly obliterated.

The man who gets all the fish of one day is unconsciously given to song singing and to whistling. The other fellow sings also, of course, but generally psalm tunes. So boys whistle to keep up courage. Here the recorder fell asleep in his chair; he went about his preparations in a somniloquistic way and betook himself to bed.

June 30.

The smoke house was completed and tested yesterday. It worked well. The fish had been salted, and this morning were

washed and peppered and sugared with brown sugar; fire was kindled, and four nice salmon neatly tied on spruce bark were hung in the smoke which came into the smoke house from the oven and its subterranean chimney and left with closed doors to the operation of its blue and penetrating vapor. Peter has been master builder of the smoke house. If the salmon is as good as the house he has built is neat and fragrant, we shall have a treat. The epicurean judgment on the stream is that smoked salmon, *à la mode*, is better than fresh. As for salmon, Smith, who called on us on Sunday (from Boston), a man seemingly of good discerning in such matters, said that he had made a thorough test by having served to him at one time in different dishes the fish caught presently, caught the day before, caught two days and three days before, cooked all in the same way, and at the same time, and that in his judgment salmon was not in perfection for eating until several days after being caught. We agree with his opinion.

Yesterday when D. O. came in with his 28-pound salmon, he sent down a messenger, Steve, to Ferguson to get his boy to carry it to Matapedia and have it packed and shipped there to C. H. R. There were four other good salmon in the ice house and the Ferguson boys went down with the lot. They went to Charles H. Raymond, The Fort Orange Club, Albany, Judge Parker, George G. Davidson, Robert C. Pruyn. L. went out with D. O. in his canoe to try the lower end of the camp pool in the afternoon. No results; water rushing; stream rising; yellow and opaque as sand. The men got their canoes high up on the bank to avoid the threatening waters. We dined and smoked and went to bed, the rain still falling.

It appeases a bruise; it heals a wound; it cures a cut; almost it reduces a fracture, Pond's Extract does; and absorbs the teasing poison of a midget's bill. Olcott has almost the entire light artillery of the pharmacopœia along, but of all that is expressed, concocted or compounded from simple plant or mineral, Pond's Extract is panacea par excellence. Let the children cry for it, then, but not long; let Pond have a monument and a merciful Heaven grant that Olcott's cruise of that oil may never be dry; at least while there are insects to sting us in the woods, knives to cut, trees to fall or stones to trip us up.

What is that mysterious influence and association of the witch hazel? Is there sorcery in it? Do its exhalations repulse to conceal its magic? Does it deal by incantation? Oh, plant perennial, restoring and invigorating nature's laws, blossoming when the harvest is garnered and when the leaves are falling; repelling by thy malodorous exhalations and healing with thy balm, tell us thy subtile virtues that we may find in them the fountain of perpetual youth! Lay thy Samson head in our yearning lap that we may live forever in such delights as these!

Nay, *Balsamodendron Gileadense*, thou art not an emissary of darkness, but of light; whether thy power resteth in thy root, thy stock, thy twigs or thy leaves, thou art the "brazen dish" of medicine dispensed by the bountiful Giver of all good things, to raise thy virile wand as a brazen serpent to bless afflicted man. As thy soothsaying branch discloses the hidden wells of cooling water, so do thy healing juices neutralize the venom of the insect.

Oh, Mæcenas Pond, thou truest Æsculapius! If thou livest yet *serus in coelum redeas!* If Heaven has called thee to minister above, high be thy monument here, clustered with ivy green and crowned with its wreath! Cedars of Lebanon guard thy shrine!

July 1.

The day opened with continued rain, which fell in long and drenching showers through the night. Not very cold, but the rain comes on the wings of southeasterly wind. The Ferguson boys came up, having returned from Matapedia. Florence sends word that he will not be able to come up; he is going out on Sunday.

Ives came down on his way out, leaving Stearns alone; Ives stopped and had luncheon. He confirms the statement of the mishap to the Waddell party. They went out to see Waddell and found his flag (an American one) at half mast. Nelson's bowman was a lame man—not an Indian; he tied his anchor rope to the second brace of the canoe; the canoe swerved round broadside to the current and at once capsized. It turned bottom upwards. The sternman swam ashore; Sutherland did so but had great difficulty in getting a hold on the bank; he sank four times, but with greatest efforts succeeded in rescuing himself. The lost man clung awhile to the inverted canoe and then sank and disappeared. Ives commented severely on the conduct of the surviving canoeman, who seemed to have had no thought but for himself. Even after his safety was secured, he made no effort to render

assistance, but when all was over wept bitterly the death of poor "Paddy."

The wet season has brought forward or we have more time to notice particularly great varieties of wild flowers in perfection. I wish I knew their names. There is a hardy twig which runs its trailing length close to the beach and bears a bright white flower, fragrant with suggestion of the syringa, and of new-mown hay, which McAndrew said must be the wild plum, but which seems more like the blossoms of the cherry trees. D. O. gathered some of it and gave it to the young ladies while we were waiting the other day for the log drivers. The mountain ash is in full and abundant flower. There is a white flower everywhere, having a dark center with leaves surrounding each flower. L. calls it a star flower. The moccasin plant blooms on the bank. There is a flower we call the wild mignonette; the wild lily of the valley; the small marguerite; the buttercup; the strawberry and raspberry blossoms. The roses have not yet flowered, but they are getting ready, multitudes of them. There is the plant blooming with a nest of white blossoms—a bush which Barney says is the Indian tobacco. There is a beautiful flower which we call the wildwood primrose. All these are white or a faint pink; then there are pink flowers and deeper red. There are mosses and ferns, exquisite, more so than the shells of the sea, and twigs of rich color. Daily something new blooms out. The woods are carpeted with flowers.

Oh, sheltering arms, well has Barney named thee "The Sanctuary!" The river flows for thee, no bell need summon us to thy sequestered seat. Barney builded "better than he

knew." The gentle savage appears to have no eye for what is delicate and pleasing in nature.

"The primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But a knife, a spear, a flambeau, a red turban, a string of wolves' teeth are his delight.

Thursday, July 2.

Rain during the night. The morning lowered, but the sun is struggling through the clouds. Now and then it gleams out on the full white clusters of the mountain ash and gives promise of a longer visit. Now and then an insect wings the air and the birds begin to pipe up faintly. So, too, the toads who have for once been silenced. The Phoebe bird is the first to-day to summon the chorus. The river has not fallen, but is evidently clearing, 9.30 o'clock.

John and James, the Ferguson boys, brought back with them from Matapedia each a new black felt hat. They made their appearance with them on their heads day before yesterday and yesterday in the drenching rain. Their new hats and handsome new boat have infused new life into them. There they stood yesterday, wet through to the skin, the rain pouring down from their drooping new hats, with a new light in their abashed, almost sinister eyes, and proud as a naked Sandwich Islander on a hot day with a sealskin chapeau. Madame Ferguson sent us as a gift this year a piece of maple

sugar, irregular in shape and something like a pound in weight. It may be found on top of the lockers in a retiring attitude. Flies have not been troublesome this season, but with a renewal of the sunlight we may yet know the priceless value of the sweet savored smudge pots.

The apple sauce is excellent this year, what there has been of it. For some time there has been an apple sauce famine. It was refreshing to observe our alchemist handling his crucibles once more and appetizing to see our old friend and hitherto unfailing on the table again. It is good for breakfast and that is a crucial test of its quality. If you want to know a salt cellar, look at the bottom of the salt cellar. That will tell the story, if it is a toad cellar. D. O. says so. Thomas and Betty, our cellars from the Trois Pistoles, live comfortably on the locker shelf and do good service at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. They are Olcott's thoughtful altruism.

The belt of onion gleams over the hill opposite; the toads are silenced; not a sound in the air but the rush of the swollen river. Went out to fish this afternoon, L. to the tail of the Princess pool and to Ferguson's; D. O. above. Water dark and yellow; not a sign. Heavy fog leaving from down the stream now.

McAndrew calls his pool opposite the "Princess Pool." We, of course, submit to have what we named the camp pool known as the tail of the Princess Pool. The Chain of Rocks is almost obliterated by the flood. "The Whales" are almost covered; Chain of Rocks Brook pours into the stream like a small river. We saw a bottle floating down the river; it was too far in the swift water to chase, so away it went down

stream, past Ferguson's. Maybe some one is sending down a message.

McAndrew is having a small house built on his island. It seems to be a rustic house for the Indians. The Ferguson children are spread over his clearing as the toads on our bank. How many are there? Madame F. said to D. O. that she had added a boy to her stock of children since last summer. She was glad to have a boy, she said, as she had been having only girls of late. She promised to show him the infant, and she will—if he gives her a chance.

Friday, July 3.

High noon. Here it is again, the bright sun; the air ambrosial, and a sweet breeze, water falling. Thermometer 68. Five canoes went up this morning on the other side; promised to stop on their way down. Party from the Club with a cook and stores, three gentlemen, fearing one of them, also Holland. We hailed them and invited them as they passed. D. O. saw nothing this afternoon in the Princess or at Ferguson's. River falling, swollen still. L. saw nothing either, in the quick and strong water above. When he came in, D. O. astounded him by the information that McA. had taken four or five fish below. It seemed in the condition of the water almost incredible. John Ferguson brought word that McA. was fishing in the water at the rear of his premises. It seems the fish have run in there. The number taken needs confirmation.

It is the female salmon that comes up the river at this

season, most plentifully; exceptionally a male is found now. Soon the male follows gaily, sportively, a gallant in her train; here they have their honeymoon; here beneath the limpid waters they build their pearly houses and enter upon the joys and cares of domestic life. Yesterday and since Monday no fishing. It is difficult to tell the sex of salmon to the inexpert at this season. The under jaw determines.

Peter is a very wise man—indeed wisdom exhales from him at all points, from his head's crown to his feet's soles; his mien is wisdom's part; his locomotion is philosophy's very self. When he speaks, and it is not overmuch that he does speak, sagacity chops out from his lips in sententious sentences. Discretion is his handmaid; prudence is ever at his outposts. Well, Peter says the salmon turn white when they are frightened. On the bar the other day he called L.'s attention to salmon lying there, white as snow; "they have been badly scared by the scows or the logs or something, I 'm sure," said Peter. "But, Peter," said I, "the salmon I took here just now had a back quite black and his sides were a ruddy pink." "No doubt," said Peter, "but he had not been scared." "Well, Peter, we must get one of those frightened salmon now to see," but the darkness came on while we were still after him. The Indian is no braggart. If you judge him by what he says of himself, you will say he is destitute enough in learning and in art. His dexterity is of the real kind, what there is of it. He goes like a mastiff straight to his work and completes it. But he does as little as by possibility he can, of his own accord.

Peter said yesterday we must have salmon soon. The freshet carried the drive of lumber which recently went down

—a very large one and of good lumber—clean out to sea. The booms broke with the water, or the logs went over or under them and were lost. But the nets, which are in the business of overhauling the salmon headed to our pools, were also broken and destroyed and nothing now remains to obstruct the advancing schools. This is Peter's story. *L'eau en vient à la bouche—Le bon temps viendra.* D. O. says the day is too fine for words to express. L. crossed the Chain of Rocks Brook yesterday at its mouth. It was a tug up stream. Peter commanded his striving canoe with much Indian emphasis. He rose to the situation like a sea captain in a storm. Obedience was instant and we pushed through beautifully. It made the men puff.

The toad has no tail, nor is he a lizard. I never saw the chameleon, but I have seen our toad light brownish green in the water, black as muck in the woods, pale olive on the stones, light green on the grass. If the chameleon can beat him in adapting his complexion to his surroundings, all I have to say is "Well done, chameleon, receive the chromo."

Saturday, July 4.

Our nation's birthday. Our "*feu de joie*" saluted the day at midnight by 13 shots. We smashed a soup plate. It was not a part of the celebration; we undertook to make a fry pan of it for some almonds after dinner; it went to pieces with a bang and our table cover has two brown patches. The crockery seemed conscious of to-day's approach. Yesterday L.

smashed the bread plate over the fire in the morning and the breakfast potatoes went to cinders. D. O. cracked the soup dish with hot water at dinner. That soup dish had always a suspicious aspect. It was only cracked, however, and it served the soup just the same and mighty poor soup it was, too. Whatever is the matter with Mr. Hucksley's soup? Or with us? We had codfish-balls at breakfast; they were good, too. Anyway, we ate them all. Why does n't Mrs. Beecher say how fishballs should be made? What, indeed, is domestic life without fishballs?

The blossoms of the mountain ash are beginning to turn brown. Gathered a bunch of moccasin flowers on the bank above and sent them down, with the specimens of spectral fern, to the ladies at McA.'s by John Ferguson' last evening. The only toad going now is the inkstand. He is carried, but in motion frequently. The rule of salt cellars applies to inkstands, too, if they are toads. Showed Peter yesterday a design for a rustic seat and pointed out a place where it might be built. Peter asked to have superintendence in building it, but the time of our departure is nearing and that thought may vegetate and grow when we leave these retreats. *Nous verron.*

Sunday, July 5.

We rose somewhere about 9 A. M. and breakfasted *à la fourchette* at 11. Peter and Noel gathered a huge bunch of moccasin flowers—squaw's-slippers we call them; they fill the

handsome pitcher on our bright table cover. It is superb. Would that our friends might see it! McA. said yesterday that his daughters would photograph the flowers we sent them. Indians from the Fearing, Holland, Vanderbilt party, which went up on the third, stopped on their way out and took down our letters for Delavan and Cooper. We also sent a telegram to Cooper—"You and Mr. Delavan get ready to fish our waters. Have written. Rods and flies at your disposal."

Chickerderleguth was a gambler. The white man calls him Kingfisher. He was handsome, gay and prodigal, and inclined to knavery. He came to grief. Financial ruin overtook him; the tiger whom he fought despoiled him of his fine clothes, and he was ashamed and hid himself away from the face of man in the coverts of the deepest woods. One day he took courage; he went to the head Indian and prevailed on him for a loan of seven dollars to get a suit of clothes. He promised to go fishing till he earned enough to pay back. But Chickerderleguth never caught more than enough to keep body and soul together and so forever he fishes on, screaming over the rivers, early and late, lonely and afraid; starting from shore to shore in constant panic for his creditor. The face of every man is to him that of the head Indian to whom he dare not return. So runs the legend, as Jock gives it to Dean Sage, or something in this wise. Peter says Kingfisher very poor fisherman; miss very often; but wears good clothes. The Indian traditions are passing out of Indian minds; those who remember spearing days are few; their oldest men—Peter, the oldest in our party—know but little of it from experience; Peter says he was engaged a good deal in logging and did not

pay much attention; could not earn much at spearing and it was all night work, not much sleep, and being up night after night did not suit him.

Monday, July 6.

This morning the young ladies invited us to have our photographs taken by them in our canoes, asking us to fix time and place. We sent down word by James Ferguson, who had come up with milk, that we would be at their house at 10 A. M. tomorrow.

Tuesday, July 7.

About 10 o'clock, a little after, as the men were at their kettle, went down to Mr. McA's. Fog had then lifted. Had a glass of draught ale with Mr. McA., and brought the three young ladies in our canoes to camp, where they took pictures: first, of the easterly end of camp piazza with D. O. in hammock and L. at table; second, of the camp, easterly side, with hammocks, chairs, smudge pot. D. O. and L. in the foreground, Steve bringing in a baking of fresh bread; third, of D. O. and L. on front steps with rods; fourth, L. in canoe with rod on stream in front of camp and Indians; fifth, ditto; sixth, D. O. and L. in canoes at landing with Indians.

Went out about 4 P. M. D. O. rose two fish at the bar below O. pools. L. struck a fish at end of Hero Rapids which all hands thought at first a trout, but proved a salmon; drew

him quite in to the canoe before he had his run and before anchor taken in. Then took anchor and fish ran up near shore. He chafed the leader on a rock and went off with the fly, a ranger. L. then went on down to Ferguson's below the barn and at the trees; saw nothing. Heavy fog came down early in the evening. About $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Stearns came to camp, where he found D. O. sitting in the smoke of two full smudge pots. Dined and went to bed.

Wednesday, July 8.

Heavy fog at 5 A. M.; began to rain about $6\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. Hard rain until $8\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, at which time thermometer 62, with fog. Now $9\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock A. M. Barometer $29\frac{17}{20}$. Fog on river and cloudy overhead. Sandflies about, now and during the morning. Barney brought in one of the smoked salmon while we were at dinner last evening, which seemed very nice. A solitary toad appears now and then, but their voices sing not, night or day.

Went out about 1 o'clock, when the fog had cleared; the men had boiled the kettle and McAndrew had taken two fish in Princess Pool; L. to O. pools, D. O. to camp pools and Ferguson's. L. fished hard until after 7 P. M.; saw nothing until about 6, when a fish jumped before him. Dropped down to him and he came up greedily to a Silver Doctor, but missed; then went for him with a Ranger, to which he fastened; started the reel and ran, but the hook came out before the anchor came in. D. O. fished Ferguson's pool and camp

pool, and came in with a pound and a quarter trout; then went out again at about 4 P. M. and stayed out until 8 P. M. He says nothing. Had O.'s trout for dinner. Steve cooked it well; it was very nice, and we ate him up. McA. took three this morning. The senior McA. took a 33-pounder in the morning. One of the daughters struck a fish and lost him at the gaff. No sounds of the toads.

Last year was a squirrel year. They swam the stream continually. They also came about camp. This year we have not seen any; last year was hot and dry. Plenty of rain this year. River still high, but falling; fogs night and morning. At 10.45 P. M. thermometer 63, barometer 29 $\frac{8}{10}$. Thick fog on the river and hills, but stars in the sky.

Thursday, July 9.

The day began as the night ended, with thick fog. About 7 the fog cleared, and after that until about 1 P. M. a heavy rain; the day was cloudy, with occasional sunshine; at 11 A. M. quite hot; a fine day for fishing from 7 to 11 A. M. D. O. fished upper pools in the morning; brought in one salmon weighing 18 pounds. In the afternoon took another weighing 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and lost one. L. fished camp pools, rose one fish, which struck the hook and was pricked, probably. He would not come up again. Pollock, on his way down to the Club, lunched with us, and left about 3 P. M. He had been at Red Pine Mountain and Patapedia and had

rare fishing in the high water. A canoe went down yesterday with over 60 salmon. Heavy fog settled on the river soon after 7. The storm cleared, with a fine rainbow spanning the river below us. McAndrew is having rare fishing. He took two this morning, above the point, weighing 35 and 29 pounds respectively; lost another there. He dropped down and fished Princess Pool, but took nothing there. Toads still silent. Picked some wild roses; first we have seen. McA. says they are plentiful on his island. Starlight at bed time.

Friday, July 10.

Fog on the river. L. went out at about $6\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock; then a thin fog on river. About $9\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. struck a fish in middle O. pools; landed him below camp; he weighed 21 pounds. D. O. fished Camp pools; back in camp at $9\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock; saw nothing; water risen again two or three inches. L. fished O. pools and bar above point without another rise until 12 M., when he came in. In the afternoon fished same pools till dark; saw no fish; got a trout weighing three pounds. D. O. had one rise in the afternoon in L. pool (Church pool). Mr. Stearns came down on his way out as we were ending luncheon and stopped and took some Dow's ale and passed about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours with us very pleasantly. He had had rare sport, took five yesterday; was bringing down five fish, three for himself, two for S. Waddell. McA. took no fish, though he fished above point where he took two large ones yesterday; his brother took four at end of island.

Saturday, July 11.

D. O. fished O. pools, took a fish in the morning; he weighed eight pounds. He fished same pools in the afternoon and took what he says was the most gamesome fish he ever caught. The narrative is somewhat like this: when he went out in the afternoon he anchored at the lower rocks on our side, below the main pools, and fished with a Butcher, large size. There came a swirl in the water at about a $\frac{3}{4}$ cast, or rather a swell of water, which attracted his attention. He referred the matter to Louis, who, sitting near the water, also noticed it, and pronounced in favor of a salmon. The motion was to the right of the canoe, and to reach it better D. O. had the position of the canoe changed somewhat to the right; put on a large Silver Doctor and tried without result; then tried a small Butcher, to which the fish came up and showed his head and back fin; then he rested awhile and put on a small Black Dose (double hooks, purchased in Montreal on our way up), to which he came up from the shore side, sidewise, with a fierce rush and struck the hook; the reel ran and the men sprung to anchor, but it was not in when the fly came away. D. O. saw the fish as he came up and put him down among the thirties; assuming that the fish had been pricked, he moved up stream, intending to try him again. Moving up, and having anchored, a small salmon jumped to the right, high and dry out of the water—high enough to dry his back in the sunlight and to shake all the water from his tail, or thereabouts—higher than any fish ever jumped before in his presence, with his knowledge; then, the fish being little, he debated whether he should waste time on him. He had come down with such a slap on

the water that Louis, who was looking up stream away from the fish, turned with the idea that some one was stoning the canoe from the shore. If it had not been a salmon his stomach must have suffered, and maybe it did. It was a little dark, and D. O. concluded to try him with a small Silver Doctor, and did so without a sign; then tried him with a large Butcher, to which he just moved the water; then with a small Butcher, which he wholly disdained; then he gave him a medium sized Brown Fairy (Light Brown in Forest's nomenclature), at which he came with a furious rush, seized it with a bound clean into the air and, without waiting a second, started down stream at a pace of about a mile a minute. Half the line ran out before the anchor came in; then he turned and made three huge jumps, first up, then down stream, and across the stream in such rapid succession that you could scarce count between each of them. D. O. had not moved his canoe, which was near shore. Then the fish ran up stream; had started almost straight from the canoe in his flight down the river and turned towards the middle somewhat before running back. He came up just abreast of the canoe on the river side. D. O. went ashore, having reeled in as the fish returned. He quartered him in to the shore and had only about 30 feet of line unreeled, was bringing him in, when he made two rushing jumps in marvelously quick succession towards the middle of the river; D. O. gave him rod to the water and paid out line with his hand as quickly as possible; then concluded, as his nose was up stream and he was disposed to work, to give him a chance in that strong current and held him awhile where he was, five or six minutes, straining him a little across the current and

toward the shore. Then he gradually drew him in and at about 30 feet from shore he repeated his last-mentioned double somersault performance and rushed away to the middle; then was brought in again and brought down stream, the last rush being a little above the canoe—to the shore—when he made a jump and a short rush, and surrendered to the fatigue of his own violent exertions and to the pressure from the rod and came into the gaff, which quickly penetrated his plump shoulder and brought him to the bludgeon and the canoe, where they covered him with green boughs. He now lies in pickle for the smoke house. He weighed eight pounds.

O. tried the larger fish again but to no purpose. L. fished Camp pools in the morning. Tried hard for the fish in the L. (Church) pool, without any success; fished the slide and the tail of Princess pool, without a sign. In the afternoon L. felt the hot feet of the midget, and there are myriads of them along the whole stretch of our water; after sunset to-night—at Ferguson's and at the tail of the Princess pool—bites were plenty at both ends of the canoe and in its midst; they were all from the air, none from the water, not a sign.

In the morning Miss McAndrew (Miss Belle), with Miss Mabel and their aunt and camera, Miss Belle poling in the bow, John Jerome, the Indian, in stern, came up; passed L. as he was fishing near camp; hailed him and invited him to have his canoe, etc., retaken, the picture of the other day not being satisfactory. They then went up stream, where D. O. was, and as he came down took him and Indians and canoe; then came to Camp and took two other pictures—one from the easterly side of front porch, another of D. O. and L. on front

steps, with rods (the other picture of this subject not being good enough for exhibition). Holland came in on his way down; stayed a short time with us and invited us to fish Brandy Brook on Monday. Night cool, and starlight. The stars glittered over the hills opposite with all their old-time fervor. Long may they be undimmed by clouds. Fire comforting in the evening and Steve built a beauty. We watched the flame crawl along the sticks and toward the back as if guided by trains of magnetism until the whole mass gave out one bright sheet of continuous flame, while the glowing embers shone through the chinks among the round sticks.

Sunday, July 12.

Catlin's scow, with a moderate settlement aboard and boats and canoes and stores to match, piled high and drawing deep with its burden, came up between 8 and 9 A.M. Catlin was up and dressed, you may be sure, and breakfasted too. Hearty and ruddy, with a good capon-lined effect, like all about him, he stood amidships, commander of the situation and the craft and well became the position. The fragrance of his Havana wafted ashore to us like the perfume of some aromatic woods afloat. Catlin, like some others, graduated from the Adirondacks to the Rangeley and Kennebago and the Cupsuptic, sometimes drawing a line and fish box over the Mooselookmaguntic and then to the Ristigouche. This many a year he has reaped an annual harvest of health and pleasure from these "banks and braes." Once a boat (a Gaspé boat,



and the subject not being
of much interest, I came in on his way
to the village and invited us to fish
in the lake at dusk, and starlight. The
Indians were there with all their old-time
ways of fishing, surrounded by clouds. Fire com-
bustion was a great art, and built a beauty. We watched
the smoke rise from the fire and toward the back as if
it were a cloud, and the whole mass gave out
a bright red glow, like a living flame, while the glowing
ashes fell down among the round sticks.



GAFFING A SALMON.

for Catlin likes that best), chair-rigged and adapted to his figure, which waneth not with the revolving summers, took all his stores and the Indians and Catlin, too, but three horses, rigged abreast and tugging hard, moved his ponderously laden caravel. To-day Catlin had no time to stop—who has *en route* to a salmon pool?

Fearing came in as we were about to sit down to breakfast; we invited him to luncheon, whatever subterfuge that may have been. He replied, with a degree of irrelevancy, that he had already breakfasted. Maybe it is not very clear that luncheon is possible before 11 A. M. and of a Sunday morning. Fearing took some claret and so did we, and, when Fearing left, fell to our coffee and eggs just as if it were breakfast.

The hills behind us—a reredos to the altars of our Lares and Penates—following the general course of the river to the road of the upper side of the clearing, project themselves thence nearly to the bank which battlements our front; in this wise they confine, from two sides, the stretch of table-land upon which Camp Albany overlooks the Ristigouche some 30 feet below. Behold the play of its light and shadows, witnesses to all its mad tumults and its merry moods! Along the slope of the projecting spur of hills, seen from the narrow rim between the brow of the bank and the foot of the acclivity, a slender path, elsewhere scarcely perceptible, traces its way steeply to the summit. Half way up you command a striking view of our cabin and its premises; rising to the plateau of wooded land above, the path winds along the brink, recedes into the woods and loses itself in a road. Larry responds no

longer to any human summons, not even to Olcott's, and no signboards tell of its destination or its purposes, but assuredly this road was a convenience, and not very long ago, as its use evinces to beings who know the mechanism of wood sleds, if not of wheels, and their utility in two-fold, if not four-fold, combination; it makes its way far enough seemingly for several Sabbath days' journeys, too far for a Sabbath morning's stroll into the depths of the forest.

It was not much after high noon, judging by recollections of the sunlight, that this path tempted us to its ascent. Pausing to view the midway prospect, we wound along its mossy and perfumed way and reached the road. The sun was bright overhead; the air elastic; silence, potent but unreserved, was the fitting mood of the Sabbath morning. The narrow path we partly knew; the broader road was a pleasing discovery. Following the trend of either, they bore the burden of a mystery which aroused our curiosity. To the right and left at very regular intervals as we went along were intelligible signs of the recent work of human hands; twigs bent and broken with a method and precision which unmistakably evinced design and plainly said "this way came I," or "we," as the case might have been. Why the twigs were broken, it was easy to conjecture; the language was clear and distinct; by whom we could scarcely hazard a guess. Why should any one be exploring these solitudes away from the stream at this time of year, and why especially should he, on these easily discerned ways, mark out his course with so much care? The explanation may be nearer at hand and less difficult than it seems, but the fact remains to us an enigma.

The season is exceptional, as last season was; this, for its abundance, its excess of rain; that, for its scorching heat and dryness. Last year it was as if another Phaeton had spilled the sun and set the world afire; this year, high Olympus should have reeled upon his base, with the terrific thunder which seemed to have unbottomed the rivers of the sky. Jupiter Tonans has only been outrivaled by Jupiter Pluvius.

But it is never too wet for the mosses. The rioting sky had wasted itself like a spendthrift; it had fouled the clear river with sand and swelled it to an angry and resistless torrent; had drowned our pools, driven the fish into our neighbor's waters and depopulated our own; had made shipwreck of our sport; but it had clothed the landscape with marvelous verdure and filled the woods with beauty. What its plumage is to the wild bird, the ivy to the desolated wall, the azure to the sky, the shadows to the lake, the mosses and the ferns are to the inner woods; and the flowers are innumerable small arms censing the sanctuary; purple and gold in its tapestried floors; minute rainbows in the azure, finches among the ivy leaves, prisms in the shaded waters; bright pencilling on the wood-duck's breast. Mosses are to science as the mollusca in the order of plants; relegated by the decree of a botanic court to inferior rank in the nobility of the vegetable kingdom; condemned in its tentative catalogues, upon a pretext of defective organism, to exile from their wonted and native surroundings. The vision of the botanist does not readily perceive their buds and flowers and straightway he brings from ancient Greece a mighty epithet: "Behold," he exclaims. "the marriages of the

mosses are secret; they are cryptogamous and upon that offense I excommunicate them from the temple of Flora."

In the economy of nature the decree of science is but *brutum fulmen*. Science is content if it can assort and label; her laws are the children of her own self-sufficient generalization and she cherishes them with material and exclusive love. She knows no edict superior to the uniformities on which they are based; cold and colorless are her temples; banners hang not on her walls; anthems attune not her ceremonies; halos encircle not her ministers; incense rises not at her altars. Fancy says that she is "star eyed." Yes, gazing, cyclopean, as the pole star in winter, which pierces the darkness like a stiletto, but cannot like the warm sun dispel it. Tradition, terror, scruple, sentiment, never cloud her vision or restrain her energy.

And so it comes to pass that he who lives nearest to nature's self enters the very sanctum of her mysteries; notes her movements and her processes with clearest insight; observes, as it were, and records the pulsations and throbings of her very heart; is prone to irreverence most of all. Yet a problem invests every physical fact, for the solution of which the rigid formulas of science are inadequate. When she has ascertained the law and its conditions and seeks to know its cause, her generalizations and her mathematics fail; she stands upon a plane with the child of nature; her proof is circumstantial; her conclusions inference, not demonstration. Does she know the law of gravitation, she must conjecture what gravitation is and how it becomes existent. Do the moon and its influence chiefly account for the ocean tides? Do the sun and its

evaporating power and the wind and its cumulative force resolve the problem of the ocean currents? Behind it all remain the momentous questions: Whence came these potent agencies? What caused them to act with results so admirable and beneficial? And for those questions and such as those, science has no formula, no analysis, no solution but through hypothesis and analogy; she enters a domain in which she can no longer wear the robes of authority. Here, then, on equal footing Mr. Wiseman encounters Mr. Goodman with power to question his authority and to dispute the accuracy of his conclusions; willing enough to yield to every scientific demonstration—unprepared to acquiesce in hypothesis or assumption, which does not ascribe the natural world, not only to an adequate, but to an intelligent, cause, if there be a difference.

The human mind is not fashioned for ready belief in accident or chance, as the origin of wondrous systems; or to credit that they began without authority, act without guidance, achieve without design, or benefit without purpose. It is not to be questioned that physical science has overthrown multitudes of mortal vagaries; from infancy its track has been along the paths and through the mists of error, lifting there the light of reason and of truth; and conviction ever marks its progress and confirms its advancing steps, when it moves as science or kindles its beacons with glimmering ray, or takes its ground with vacillating step. Certainty of knowledge, exactness of premise and inevitable conclusion are at once its law and its necessity, and these requirements of veritable science it does not bring into the contest with belief and faith and hope, to whose domain its generalizations do not extend.

And your Goodman will not be driven from his vantage ground by anything less. A type of the race civilized and savage, in all time, he reads the cosmic volume; finds at every page the impress of intelligence; ascribes the wonders and the harmonies of the natural world to an author; studies himself; knows the impulses and desires of his being; makes that author a personal Deity and yields to the instinct of worship which is in him.

There was born in Normandy in the middle of the 18th century one of the world's mathematical geniuses—Pierre Simon Laplace. His marvelous sagacity quickly mastered the entire range of the exact sciences as they were understood in that day and lifted him to the plane of Galileo and Newton in astronomical research and discovery. Since Newton's day, at least, he is accounted second to no astronomer. Napoleon Bonaparte, with all the greatness and versatility of his own mental gifts, marvelled at the powers of Laplace and seeking to utilize them for the good of France, conferred on him positions of high political trust, in which he bore himself with little sense or judgment. "He carried," said the exile at St. Helena, "the spirit of infinitesimal calculus into the management of business." And infinitesimal calculus will not fit the problem of the ultimate cause of all things; until it can be made to do so, philosophy, assuming by reason of its special learning or by means of its special processes, to work out and teach its solution, is merely a doctrinaire; the common man who in his range of reasoning includes his own nature, as well as the manifestations of the physical world, refuses to yield his ground. It is Apelles and the Shoemaker over again. Science,

teaching in its own sphere of research, the truth of which it has certain knowledge, commands attention and respect; but entering the sphere of faith in the spirit of infinitesimal calculus, man exclaims, with the artist, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

We found the mosses and ferns holding high festival in the woods. They had been well nourished by the rains and they vied with each other in luxuriance of growth, as well as in richness of verdure. The light which came through the openings overhead from a bright sun in a clear sky painted them brilliantly and gave form and expression to the shadows which rested on them. Mosses and ferns are exceedingly beautiful; but the ferns carry with them a hint of the Wardian case and the conservatory; they are the proper offspring of tropical varieties and they suggest the rank, creeping, pitiless and selfish vegetation of the tropics, their dense overladen air and matted impenetrable thickets and parasitic growths. But the mosses are true and characteristic children of the north. They do not sink their roots deeply into the earth as the tree does nor extend their length high in air like the wild grape; they are not as long-lived as the ivy is, but vigor and elastic life are marked features in their being and seem in them quite disproportioned to the delicacy of their mechanism. Cryptogamia they may be; they nevertheless exhibit a fecundity and thriftiness which are almost unsurpassed; and they are not more modest and comely in their cryptogamic lives than independent, unobtrusive and merciful in their thrift. They are wonted to all circumstances and man may learn valuable lessons from them. They rebound from injury; they laugh at adversity; the rain does not fall too copiously; the sun does

not shine too fiercely; the wind does not blow too bleakly; the ground is never too sterile nor the rock too barren for them. There is much good to be spoken of them, and nothing to my knowledge to their discredit, let botany place them where it will in its rules of caste.

If the mosses were sentient beings, we would inevitably call them Good Samaritans, and in truth they are the Good Samaritans of the vegetable kingdom—Sisters of Charity and of Mercy, who assuage the wounds and cover the infirmities of nature. Is there a sterile spot, on which the sun does not shine and is abandoned by vegetation, they weave over it a web of verdure; or a fallen trunk on which decay is writing its doom, they hasten to shelter and screen it; does a tender fiber or delicate root shiver in the damp shadows, they cover it with friendly vestments; they climb the weather side of the trees which are too rudely exposed and temper the north wind to the aged and tender bark; they come to the very rocks and stones and shield them from the wear and tear of the elements; their modest cells are thousands of drinking cups which hold the dew and the rain for the minutest dwellers of the woods and habitations wherein they may hide and rest. Daintily they lie upon the soil, these lace embroideries with which the earth's robes are tissued, seemingly pervaded with the spirit of kindliness and beauty and seeking opportunities for the exhibition of their beneficence.

If we regard the mosses only through the spectacles or perhaps more properly the microscope of the botanist, we may learn that they are cryptogamic; that hitherto so many varieties have been discovered and that they may be classified

according to certain observed peculiarities in such and so many different classes; but from all that, we can arrive at a most inadequate idea of their real worth and value. Moisture is to the mosses as their daily bread. The salmon scarcely love the water more. Any one who has tried his hand at bringing a salmon out from the wet knows something of the tenacity of that love. Yet few, if any, plants endure the midsummer heat as mosses do. The dry and parching air bleaches them gray and shrivels them into light, interwoven, stringy and elastic filaments, but does not deprive them of vitality that is held in reserve for a renewal of the rain, by which all their freshness is revived and they are stimulated to new life and beauty. So when gathered they acquire and retain the same spongy elasticity and durability. The bird knows the value of the mosses when it lines its nest; so does the woodsman when he fills the chinks in his cabin walls or covers the interior of its roof. Any one may know it who would moderate the heat of an exposed dwelling, or, like "Imperial Caesar," "patch a wall to expel the winter's flow." The plants know it whose roots they protect and the insect life which they harbor; to the frozen zone they are the first suggestion of the green fields, for they push their sturdy growth into the very borders of the polar land; and on the mountain tops, above the line at which the trees and plants and shrubs succumb to the inclement air or ungenial soil, nearest the sky of all the mountains' vegetable life, the mosses hold a footing and maintain a growth.

What purposes they serve beneath the surface of the water, who knows? We are apt to think of them there as houses for

the smaller dwellers in that element and as pasture lands whereon the vegetarian fishes graze. Along the margins of the streams and lakes we know what multitudes of amphibious lives people them, and how in the congenial swamps they knit the bogs together and help to make the peat for fuel and for fertilization. They are the reindeers' food and the Laplanders' bed, for he makes his bed and his pillows, too, of the rich dried mosses which grow luxuriantly among the Lapland snows. Dainty couches they must make, too, for the wild denizens of these and other woods, whereon the hunted deer, escaping from the dogs, may lie and rest, or, wounded, purple them with its life.

Recollection serves me of a stream which winds its tortuous way from the Cupsuptic Lake through thickly wooded forests to where a stretch of rocky rapids and a fall send down their tumbling waters to enliven its sluggish surface; of mosses in the green of the early summer bloom, covering the banks above the falls as with an abundant mantle and paths threading their way among them, by which the ascent is made to quiet waters beyond; of noonings on the paths and among those mosses, and of repose cushioned and pillow'd like the Laplanders upon clean, bright, fragrant and seductive beds, fragrant not with the breath of perfume, but with a delicious absence of any odor, excepting it may be a savor of the loamy earth beneath them. A bed of mosses straightway recalls the Cupsuptic stream; if other days than those passed among its sylvan shade have yielded equal measures of enjoyment, they have been bright and pleasant days indeed; pleasurable in foretaste, fruition and retrospect; such days become a corporate

part of one's being evermore; and brighter memories do not spring from the Cupsuetic days than of the splendid mosses which carpeted those woods.

And the Lapps, who are also fishermen, although their dwellings are rude and meager, have mosses for their beds and deserve them, not for being fishermen only, but in recompense as well for toils and combats in the ice and snows of their fierce enduring winters. The promise of a bed of mosses should physic all the pain of toil; and what boots a fiery midnight sun to one who rests on such a couch? The luxuriant growth of the Lapland mosses has its counterpart often, I believe, in those of other high latitudes. It is strange that in the coldest climates they should be so stimulated to great fecundity, but such seems to be the economy of nature. On the northern slopes of "Greenland's icy mountains" it is said that they find a congenial resting-place; and that on the islands of Alaska they rival in density and luxuriance the vegetation of the tropics, covering the ground to great depth and actually preventing by their abundance the exploration of the forests. But observe that the mosses grow where other vegetation will not thrive; they crowd nothing else and make way when other growths are possible and more useful. A farmer may find them in his meadows and upon his fields, when he has neglected the soil, but they quickly retire and disappear when cultivation encourages the growth of grains or grass or cereals more suited to his taste and profit. But it is in the character of a nurse to the genus of new vegetable life that mosses subserve their most marked and admirable purposes, for, where the soil offers no refuge to the seeds of the plants and vines

and trees, they hold out a kindly shelter to receive them, gathering meanwhile, as chance or the birds or the wind bring them, such specks and grains of nourishing substance as come within their reach, and even contributing to fertilization by their own decay. So they help to encourage and foster vegetation. So it may be forests have grown up to cover the barren rocks and green fields have bloomed and blossomed over the waste places.

It is, of course, quite an error to charge the mosses with the parentage of decay. The pendant gray and spectral growth which hangs ominously from the timber and branches, which is said to be the winter food of the caribou and which seems the sure precursor of the tree's declining vitality, however specious its appearance, is not a moss at all; it belongs to another family,—the family of the lichens. Mosses are to be associated with decay only in some such sense as the oasis is associated with the desert; or cooling and grateful springs of water with parching thirst; or welcome food with hunger. Mildew, rust, mould, fungi and all abnormalities must claim no kinship with the mosses, filled with the juices of a rich life and color and are not to be thought of in the same connection. If it had never been our good fortune to see any mosses, we should nevertheless know that they are beautiful and in every way pleasing, for their comeliness is a "household word."

The rose, like the mosses, a child of the temperate and colder climates, is the undoubted, undisputed queen of flowers. The learned Dr. Boteler, who, according to Sir Isaac of gracious memory, discovered or announced the surprising merits of the strawberry, and who evidently had never en-

countered the "Wilson seedling," might have found out more readily that God doubtless never made a better flower than the rose (it would have been no new discovery to others), but the Doctor would have carried the world with him in such an assertion. Nature sometimes excels herself in fertility of resource and the greatness of her surprises. It was so when, after having exhausted every apparent expedient in making so complete and perfect a flower as the rose, she still enhanced the marvelous effect by making the moss-rose. If the strawberry be best of berries, then the rose is the strawberry of flowers, and the moss-rose of roses. Hear Anacreon:

"Not more the rose the queen of flowers
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivalled grace discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses."

Sometimes a pink is decked out in the likeness of the mosses; sometimes a tracing of their colored stems embedded in the chalcedony enhances its charms; but nature's grand tribute to the beauty of its own handiwork is that having made a faultless flower, the rose, and fairest among them all, it reproduced the semblance of the moss as its crowning glory. And painters and poets crown the roofs and rim the well-buckets and cap the garden walls and soften the garden ways and cover the baskets of garden flowers; attire the hill-sides and mellow the brooks; brighten the fountains and gladden the woods and illumine the valleys and clothe the trees with mossiness, until the moss is a typical child of song and story—a synonym in our minds with grace and beauty.

Our toads are not only eccentric but irrepressible; it seems

that they must have a place in all our narratives. They had found their way into the woods before us and recalled the fact that we had observed them at times during the heavy rains, journeying up the bank by our steps; but whether they had sought the kindly shelter of the trees and mosses, as more congenial than an incessant and pelting rain outside; or instinct leads them at this particular time of year to take to the woods; or some other wise motive governs them, here we found them—not gregarious and convivial, as in the jolly sunshine on the beach, but solitary, each a hermit in his own cell; his voice silent, his person isolated, figuratively his nose broken,—figuratively, for, in point of fact, a toad's nose can never be broken—he has none—he has neither tail nor nose. There is no certainty he ever had a tail at all, but it is well authenticated by Micmac tradition that soon after "the days before the light" the Great Spirit gave to the primal toads, male and female, very proper noses, each of them, and that for very many generations that useful organ or member abode with their progeny. What difference it made in their habits, or what effect it had upon their melody, is not handed down. Their vocalism is now purely guttural; what it was or might be if also nasal it is fearful to conjecture; the toad's loss is probably creation's gain.

The legend runs somewhat in substance like this: "The chief of men and beasts was son of a she turtle; he had stepped upon the stage of life before his time and somewhat in the character of accessory to his mother's death. He and his younger brother, being still unborn and impatient, both of them, of their allotted time, the younger cleft an opening in

his mother's side, and so both, fatally to her, without trouble to themselves, came into the world by a short cut. It is fair to say that this was against the elder's remonstrance, but he evinced even at that early age a wonderful promptness to avail himself of his opportunities and so was eldest born. Like another Cain or Romulus, he signalized his early career by promptly slaying that only brother and then proceeded to rule with great skill and dignity and benevolence, as the manner of his birth and his early history presaged. He waxed mighty and the beasts conspired against him; they summoned a secret council to which, vainly taking the form of witches, the porcupine and the toad went. The great chief knew what was in their hearts; he assumed the shape of an ancient squaw and went and sat by the dissemblers, to whom he humbly put the question, how they expected to compass his death. It was the toad who answered, and the answer he gave was emphatic and impolite. He told him—well, an evasive answer—so the great chief, whose English name is liar, gently touched the noses of the toad and porcupine and when they looked at each other those organs had disappeared and the toad and porcupine lament the loss to this day."

It must be owned that the winged insects of the woods often make purgatory of paradise to those who are not armed against them, as the saints are armed in panoply of virtuous deeds; that they hunt and howl at times in packs like wolves, and are far more bold and carnivorous, and frequently make themselves far too manifest there; but as to other animal life, although it peoples the woods, it is no easy matter to find it. In hollows and nests and caverns and various retreats are

many wary inmates who know the art of concealment and practice it admirably. A bird's shadow gleams over the foliage and is gone; a glimpse of the bird itself, or a momentary view of some rapidly moving creature is occasionally possible, but a certain expectant repose holds the forest in its embrace in man's presence. Yet there are charms that overcome the reserve of nature; music is one of them. The trees danced to the lute of the Thracian Orpheus and the birds sang to-day to the music of D. O.'s whistling. A single call in the tune of the solitary thrush evoked a distant reply and repeated summons in the same refrain filled the boughs with birds—as it seemed of various sorts—but the melody was that of the thrush, with some chippering which might not be theirs; there were great excitement and curiosity in the trees and bushes about us and calls and replies and retreats and advances and fluttering wings and agitated feathers. The birds were not more curious than we, but far less passive; we had changed rôles; ours was that of concealment, theirs of bold curiosity and aggression.

Many as the years are in which at this nesting season, which is also the season of song, our visits to his summer haunts have brought us in continual hearing of this bird, one of us, at least, perhaps both, had never distinguished him by sight from his fellows in the woods; often his note has sounded overhead and in close proximity, yet it came as if from the unseen air, and the little fellow would not be detected in *flagrante delicto*. Even now repeated over and over and all about us, we peered in vain to find the diminutive body from which it came. At length, having removed to a position less sheltered, we spied

among the boughs a little feathery form pulsating to the refrain and presently, in reward for persistence and patience, it flew out on a naked limb some 30 feet above us, raised its head and repeated its song again and again. The sight is scarcely less pleasing than the melody; very much in the attitude of a fowl drinking at a stream the little bird pours out its refrain to the sky. Now it is somewhat mortifying to learn that the bird which in the woods above all others had excited our curiosity, which had for some reason or other been awarded a place in the distinguished class of thrushes, and was invariably given the romantic name, solitary thrush, is after all a sparrow; *Albicollis*, the white-necked, white-throated sparrow, technically they call him from the pure white of the feathers upon his throat. Peabody bird they call him also, from his song. His white throat, his ash grey breast, his black and white wings, his canary-like physique and his sparrow bill were plainly visible to us; we shall know him now, silent or singing, wherever we meet.

The enterprising philanthropist who a few years ago peopled North America with the English sparrow, by setting him free here, struck a cruel blow at the fame of the bird's American cousins. But the merit of the white-throat dwells not in his name; that he is a sparrow tends not to degrade him, but to elevate his kind; and to see and hear him sing, as he sang for us, would almost make us tolerant of the pampered, uncanny little feathered morsel of brutal voracity which eats the grain in summer and makes himself a nuisance about our houses in spring and fall and winter; perhaps all the good qualities of the American bird are requisite to moderate the

disrepute which he has brought—this foreign weasel—to the name of sparrow among us. Yet there are cousins here beside the “white-throat” who never came from England, a whole tribe of them, song sparrows of various qualities, whose attainments in song and whose habits of life entitle them to a place in the best circles of bird society. The English creature is ornithologically, that is to say, arbitrarily and scientifically, so unmistakable a sparrow that his relatives here cannot disown him as such, but to their credit be it said they are never known to admit these foreign cousins to any social or domestic or cousinly relationship whatever. The atmosphere was very clear, and we went over to Toad Brook to take a look at the view. No one can know what a view is there, up stream and down, who has not stood on the plateau below the brook’s mouth.

Monday, July 13.

At $5\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. we had breakfast and were off for Brandy Brook, where we spent the day. D. O. fished right side in the morning, raised six fish of which he captured two, weighing $30\frac{1}{2}$ and 9 pounds. In the afternoon D. O. took two more weighing $12\frac{1}{2}$ and 10 pounds. L. fished left side near the brook and got hold of one fish in the morning, but he went away after playing him some time. In the afternoon he tried the right side near by the rocks above the brook; four rose to his flies, one of them three times, another twice; none of them took hold. We lunched on Dr. Mason’s piazza about noon

time and afterwards made a bed of its floor and slept soundly with our fishing bags under our heads. The day was cool and bright in the early morning and no fog; bright and warm at midday and in the afternoon; the flies were omnipresent and omnipotent. They ruled all space; the cows swam the river in terror of them; the midget is a monarch and a tyrant when the atmosphere just suits him.

Tuesday, July 14.

L. took a salmon in the O. pool in the morning; he weighed 12 pounds. D. O. struck one in the Princess pool, in the evening, but he pulled out. D. O. sent a $30\frac{1}{2}$ pound fish to Frederick Olcott, New York. D. O. called and saw the photographs at McA.'s and pronounced them excellent. Retired about 10.45. Clouds in the sky, no stars; toads singing feebly. Thermometer $60\frac{1}{2}$. Barometer $29\frac{9}{10}$. Sand flies plenty on the stream in the evening; we are happy in the possession of three fine smudge pots; two of them make us comfortable at Camp and did service this evening.

McAndrew says one of his Indians, after making repeated unsuccessful attempts to gaff a salmon, brought up to the beach, handed the gaff to the bowman, declining to make another effort, declaring that the salmon was in terror of him. Peter says a salmon fears nothing more than a man on the beach with a gaff. Had some trout for our dinner. Asked Steve how large a trout he had known to be in the river and he told us that he had once speared a trout at Red Pine Moun-

tain which he had mistaken for a salmon. He had no means of weighing him, but he guessed his weight at about 10 pounds; he never knew a larger trout in the stream than that.

Wednesday, July 15.

The Rivière de Muscalonge, says Peter, which is the River of the Muscalonge, Muscalonge being from the French *masque allonge*, long snout, comes into the St. Lawrence almost alongside of the Rivière du Loup, which is the River of the Wolf; and near its confluence with the St. Lawrence, the habitants used to take, maybe they take now, I don't know, I 'm sure, muscalonge of great size and very many of them. A stiff pole, a strong cord, a sinker, a cod hook, a mass of lob worms and good strong limbs did the business for them. There was not much finesse about it; wet the ground if the weather is dry; with a lantern in the night among the high grass you might, if skillful, gather the worms as children gather blueberries. Large, lubberly, strong fellows, lying with the tips of their tails in the earth among the roots and their bodies at length recumbent from them. Far more of finesse is required to gather them than to catch the big fish. The prehensile abilities of the human digits are something wonderful when you come to consider them; but they can only cope with the retractile bodies of those wary invertebrates by using all their dexterity and their dexterity is of little use without celerity and stealth. Those bodies, without apparent eyes or ears or organs of sense, brown, inert, solid, plump and clammy, are wary

enough to know the robin's and the blackbird's approach and can retreat into the bosom of mother earth with a recoil as sudden as that of a new steel spring, but they can be gathered. Crowd on the worms till the whole mass wriggles, ends and sides, toss it into the quick water and soon you may draw the big fish ashore by main force, if you have enough of it, and the cord and pole and hook are what they should be.

At 10.40 P. M. there is a bright new moon, and stars besides and the toads are singing again.

Thursday, July 16.

The day bright and clear, crystal the water. Started early for Chamberlain Shoals and fished by permission of Mr. Herbert Ives, Mr. Stearns and Dr. Campbell of Montreal, the waters of their Club. D. O. went above and took two fish weighing 18 and $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and came in to Camp after dark with a lighted gig lamp. L. fished down and had his luncheon at Camp. We had purposed to take some flambeaux and come down at night, but the plan was not carried out. We had mail from below in the afternoon, brought up by the scow.

Friday, July 17.

Cloudy. Thermometer 60. Barometer $29\frac{8}{10}$. L. started at 6 A. M. for Jourdan's Portage Brook pool; rain at about $10\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. He took two fish and a gilse at the brook, weight $18\frac{3}{4}$, nine and three pounds. In the afternoon he took two weighing 24 and $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

Took Waddell's guardian some tea; found him camped below the mouth of brook and invited him to come down when we broke camp or before and get some articles for his camp use. D. O. held a good fish a few moments at Chain of Rocks Brook in the morning and in the afternoon struck a very large one in the O. pools, which fought hard and was finally lost, through Barney's attempt to gaff him from the canoe and fouling and snapping the line with the gaffing stick.

Saturday, July 18.

A bright day. L. spent the morning at Jourdan's Portage Brook. He struck two fish but did not hold them; the hook came away before getting ashore. A number of others rose, all to the dun wing. Went down to Camp for luncheon. When the eaves are dripping with the wet of the morning mists, breakfast pleads with a sorry visage at its best. An egg will cook in two minutes, but it takes the water from 10 to 20 to boil. Time is voted precious at that hour, and it is generally a cold comfort, our breakfast, and it gets, as it deserves, a very cold shoulder; is usually dispatched in detachments of one, without an appetite, for conscience' sake, or the stomach's sake, and not for love. But it is a tonic for the luncheon hour, such a breakfast, calling every day of this vacation time a feast day, and if there are any Ember Days here we are not aware of them. Midway between the egg and apple, comes *le champ de repos du jour*,—its Sans Souci and Sabbath, the semitone and cadence in its rhythmic movements, day's vernal

time when energy and zeal recuperate. This unruffled and serene period lies hard by—sometimes invades—the confines of the shadowy realm whose flowers exhale their fragrance and display their colors through the mists of dreams. A dictionary which paraded the word “laziness” at that hour should be and would be banished from the premises; every semblance of that grievous sin is then accredited to repose, which is the duty of the hour and not only justified, commended, but enjoined.

At this supreme hour, if one is not at his 40 winks, as easily he may be in a hammock or a chair, as disposition or digestion serve, his unhampered thoughts may be busy in any entertaining direction. If he has had a morning of interesting or exciting adventures, he may and very likely he will make that morning a mirror wherein, with critical eye, he sees himself reflected and, while he takes his ease in his inn, leisurely condemns his errors or applauds his successes and fortifies himself with experience for new achievements. A man may make “scratches” at salmon fishing, as he does at billiards—not so often—and in the long run it will not pay to reckon on counting that way.

In all the affairs of human life, experience aptly applied brings the cows home, the grist to the mill and the salmon to the shore. The great charm and delight of this sport is that daily it opens the eyes to this fact more and more. So, like prudent virgins, we trim our wits’ ends and nourish them with the oil of experience and muster and master situations for the afternoon. The witching time of a bright day is the Silver Doctor’s hour. The midgets like that hour, too, and as the

shadows fall and the birds begin to speed away on resolute wing and the salmon to taste the air, the insects come out for a frolic also; but nevertheless on a bright day there is no hour like that in which the Silver Doctor rules.

Well, at luncheon time, that is to say after the luncheon was over and we sat placidly on the porch, a great bald eagle came fanning down with measuring wing along the bends of the opposite shore. Leisurely he came, emerging from beyond the turn at the brook, holding himself not much higher than our line of vision, if as high; pushing his huge sidelong shadow aslant before him; peering down into the water for a fish; a partridge at that distance would have sounded like a small thunder gust; but we only knew that this great eagle was there because we saw him. His easy movement—deliberate but very progressive—had carried him past the camp, unconscious or regardless of our presence, when the sharp sound of “Honey Cooler” awoke the echoes around him. No feather flew, but the missile sped so near the bird that his broad wings flattened upon his sides and his body dipped headlong towards the water; then gathering himself with quick recoil he rose with wonderful energy and greatly accelerated pace and immediately was lost in the shelter of the woods, among its highest tree tops.

“One day on the Chesapeake,” said D. O., “we sat behind the rushes in a blind of the St. Domingo Club, C. H. R. and I, and watched the movements of a crippled duck upon the water and of an eagle hovering over it. The wing of the water fowl had been broken and the eagle circled above with frequent descents to capture his prey. When he approached

the water, the duck disappeared beneath its surface; and thus for some time they mutually lowered themselves, on the initiative of the eagle, in their different elements. At length like a tired salmon, the water bird yielded to the demands of fatigue and for his life could no longer maintain the unequal struggle. Then down swooped the bird of liberty and gathered the spent quarry in his talons and far out of gun shot from the shore rose triumphantly upward. The wild duck is a hardy and a muscular creature and, whether from his struggles or the tactics of the eagle, at a mortal height, the lordly talons released their grasp, and, revolving head and heels through the unresisting air, the wounded bird fell splashing on the water with a fatal thump; with seeming unconcern his captor sped away to the shore and ensconced him on the limb of a tall tree; then he serenely regarded the struggling form until death stretched it lifeless on the bosom of the bay; then he sallied forth, and gathered it again, took it back to the perch and devoured it." The fish regards the butterfly on the stream and the eagle regards the fish and man regards the eagle—all innocently to themselves—but with merciless intent; push the parallel no further. "Ships are but boards, sailors but men. There be land rats and water rats." There is the mandrake and the pestilence, the lightning and the tempest, the lion and the spear. Nature, infinite in perfection, incomparable in device and adaptation, past comprehension in its skill, is not more instinct with the spirit of life than of destruction.

"I do not rightly know," says Peter, "the Indian name of the Eagle, but that fine bird which came so near his death

before the Camp was a mature and a rare bird. A young eagle has no grey or white head or tail, and it is three years after they chip the egg before they develop in that way; that eagle had a ponderous white head and tail, too. If you had shot him you would have seen also that his beak and claws were a decided yellow. They have a very rapid flight, those birds, and it is astonishing how rapidly they can propel their huge bodies over miles of space. They fly higher and nest higher than other birds, and they tell me, those who live at the tide ways, that this white-headed eagle soars above the osprey or sea gull and watches until he captures a fish, then, when at a suitable height, he gives chase; the gull drops the fish and the eagle secures it before it touches the water and that 's the kind of fisherman a bald eagle is. Why they call a bird, whose head is so plentifully covered with feathers, bald-headed is a question; perhaps his grey feathers look bald at a distance; perhaps the eagle does n't mind; they say that only those whose heads are really bald are sensitive about being twitted as bald-headed men. I don't know, I 'm sure; Indians are seldom bald."

Sunday, July 19.

To-day we broke camp; among others who came in, the Fergusons were of course earliest; Waddell's guardian and Philip Petrie, our French tenant at "Daybreak." He loaned us his copy of Mowat's agreement with him and we are to take a copy and give him a lease for a term, to be determined. Called at McAndrew's on our way down to say good bye;

were pleasantly received and entertained. Passed Mowat's, stopped at Nelson's. Harmony we passed without tarrying; no one there and we reached the Club House in the evening. D. O. and L. came down in one canoe. "Lay down a layer of earth in a box, then a layer of potato parings, then a layer of angle-worms, and cover with earth," says Peter, "and so you may keep your worms a week or more, and they will be tough and hard and lively. And may the Great Spirit preserve you for another season's fishing as tough and lively as the other creatures of the earth, preserved in parings of potatoes."

1886

Saturday, June 12.

It was 10 minutes to 4 o'clock p. m. when Nelson's scow brought us, viz., D. O. and L., Peter, Noel, Barney, Louis and Steve, with all our stores and fixings, to the top of Hero Rapids. Soon after the roof of Camp Albany came in sight and we had landed and were at work opening the windows and the barrels and boxes. We made few stops on the way; indeed only two—at Nelson's old house and at Dee Side. At the latter place the men boiled the kettle, and Mrs. Nelson gave us luncheon. They have put up just above Dee Side a new government hatching house. D. O. and L. walked over to

look at it and saw the salmon fry in troughs, ready for distribution. Our eyes rested on myriads screening themselves in the shadows of the clean and narrow troughs. Bright running water from the hills, entering at the head of the house, laved them copiously and if liveliness is a criterion by which we may judge, their artificial procreation was no disadvantage to them. The floods had again descended on the house of McAndrew, and it had fallen, but the indomitable heart of McAndrew beats undismayed.

Mild runs the autumn Ristigouche ;
Meek are the dimples on its limpid waters,
And all its tuneful voice on a minor key ;
There is a festive twinkle in a gypsy's eye ;
There is a frown of verdant mountains,
And a threat in peaceful space,
Boding perfidy in Nature's smiling moods.
Sensuous the spring,
Fecund the summer,
Teeming the autumn depths,
Nuptial noontime ; Pan bates a breath and ponders ;
But winter creeps along,
As shadows in the afternoon
Steal on to twilight and to gloom ;
Enfeebled Nature, spent with the riot pace,
Grows sere of locks and thin ;
Idly the stubborn branches lash at the winds,
Rend their blighting leaves,
And freight the air with frantic protest.
Vainly the forest wails in pitiful entreaty ;
Pallor sits upon the features,
Films glaze the eyes,
Palsy spreads through all the limbs
And body of the earth,

And stills its vital currents.
Sharp needles ply with icy thread
Upon the surface of the shrunken stream,
And fit its winter garb.
Hapless it lies,
With voice restrained,
And all along its winding way,
From shore to shore,
Held hand and foot
In crystal gyves and manacles,
Wrought as cleverly
As spiders spin their webs,
Or handicraftmen plait
The meshes of their lace ;
As swiftly as the shuttle
Moves upon the loom ;
As silently as skillful fingers
Knit in silken floss, or braid in odorous hair,
And strong, as if
In silent smithy
Working unseen,
At fireless forge,
On noiseless anvil,
Some Vulcan of the cold
Had welded them.
Above the jagged shoulders
Of the evening hills,
Purples with bated breath
The western glow
Upon the vanquished scene ;
Cyprine cedars fold their arms
'Neath sombre brows ;
Sacerdotal firs and pines,
From their dense and solemn green,
Hold out their wrinkled cones
Like urns, bleeding at their pores,

And offer incense on the piercing air;
And birch and poplar,
White in priestlike vestments,
And ash and beech and maple,
Stark, reverent and grim,
Stand priests and mourners
At funeral rites.

The summer is the spring's glad child,
Not so the autumn of the summer,
Or winter of the fall.
Autumn is no new birth
But waning life in summer's self,
And winter is the summer's death of all.
And so the lusty summer,
Outcome of every purpose of the year,
Its climax, full fruition, and its best result,
Fresh from memories
Of golden light,
And scented breeze,
And waving bloom,
And bowing fruit,
Is laid, with solemn rights
And requiem, at rest.
Do they say that keys unlock
The chains of winter in the spring?
I tell you *Amor vincit*;
That the spirit which ere long
Will burst in russet buds
Upon the trees,
And call in wild birds' amorous songs
Among the branches,
Mantle the earth with tender green, and
Paint with pensive blue
The violet's lid,
And make the wild rose blush
Before the streamlet,

And all the air, seductive and voluptuous
With the scent of blossoms
And the thrill of warbling melody
And warmth of balmy breeze.

A bright day—a bright Ristigouche day; a clear river; no bugs and no logs. Between us we had five handsome salmon in camp by evenfall, not long out of the briny deep. L. took three—27, 24 and 14 pounds. D. O. took two—25 and $23\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

Tuesday, June 15.

Another bright glorious day and we went a fishing. In the morning D. O. took two, $22\frac{1}{2}$ and $23\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. L. took two— $23\frac{1}{2}$ and $20\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. In the afternoon D. O. took two more—22 and $28\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. And L. took two more—26 and 26 pounds.

Wednesday, June 16.

Lowering in the early morning; after 10 A. M. settled rain, and the logs running. In the morning D. O. took a fish weighing $22\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. L. took two, weighing 22 and $26\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. In the afternoon D. O. took another weighing $23\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; and L. took one weighing 24 pounds.

Friday, June 25.

This was a cloudy day with showers. L. fished the camp pool early in the morning without result. McA. in his Prin-

cess pool opposite—no results. Quite on toward luncheon time, L. went down to Hero Rapids and killed the first fish ever taken by us in that pool. He took three and missed one good fish, which came up on the first drop. The weight of those taken— $24\frac{1}{2}$, $27\frac{1}{2}$ and eight pounds. In the afternoon, L. fished Hero Rapids again and killed two more. Weight $28\frac{1}{2}$ and 20 pounds. D. O. also took two fish to-day in his pools (O. pools)—weights 29 and 13 pounds.

Saturday, June 26.

McAlister and Mowat came up in Mowat's dugout yesterday (Friday) P. M. and passed last night with us. They went down before noon to-day. McAlister went up in the morning with Mowat to Olcott's Pools and hooked a fish which he did not get. D. O. and L. did not fish.

Saturday, July 3.

L. scored one fish in the morning, avoirdupois $24\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Stearns came down from Chamberlain Shoals in the afternoon and had luncheon with us. D. O. spied a ground hog at the ice house, near the door, as we sat on the porch, and sent a bullet through him from "Honey Cooler." He proved to be a male in excellent condition and fat. D. O. directed Barney, who is not long in ascertaining the reason for a rifle shot, or of any other noticeable fact or occurrence either, to have him carefully dressed for use to-morrow. Mrs. Dugald Ferguson sent us a chicken—so called—also in the evening.

Now there are hawks and foxes and weasels and mink and the little black and white animal, which Larry used to caution us was best secured in a barrel; and there are crows, too, which relish young chickens and heaven knows what beside, to prey on poultry here and the hens stray away and hide their nests in the woods and heggs is heggs up here and the winter is long and provisions are scarce and there is no money to re-stock the poultry yard in the spring and when Madame Ferguson sent us one of her fowls, she sent us what she did not hold for sale, and would have declined to sell, upon almost any offer. None of the farmers here, the Fergusons and the Manns and the Horns and the Mileses and the Le Fergies, keep their poultry for sale, but for their eggs, which, with all other farm produce and stock, such as it is, are for sale and in market. So the gift of a fowl is no mean matter, whether it be old or young, and was a very suitable concession, on the Ristigouche standard, to the importance of the Fourth of July in the world's history, and a very marked evidence of consideration for those who received it. It was Saturday afternoon anyway, and Stearns found it pleasant to stay and we found it agreeable to have him and so we went not out to fish any more this week.

Sunday, July 4.

We began the day with our usual salute of 13 shots. And we gave the men a Fourth of July dinner, *i. e.*, we provided them with materials for it, and they did not refuse to honor the day or stint their potation except by the size of the tum-

bler and a certain sense of decorum, always present in their minds, and strained most severely under such a temptation. D. O. made a ground-hog stew and it was excellent, for dinner, which we had late, and as a second course, Mrs. Ferguson's chicken fricasseed was not bad. In the afternoon we made a call at McAndrew's. And we honored the day with smoke and cordials, after dinner, and then laid down upon our bough beds for the night—what was left of it—and we slept as soundly, no doubt, as if we had marched in a procession with a musket or a banner, or delivered an oration under the shadows of the Capitol. And so ended our seventh Fourth on the River Ristigouche, in smoke and sleep, and how else ought it?

Wednesday, July 7.

Our lines uncast in any place lay snug upon the shelf all day, unwet. Mist obscured the dawn; heat and showers, sun and clouds diversified the morning and settled rain wound up the evening. We had appointed a christening and made a festival and all Isle Inverburne's household and all the red men of its camps came to bear witness. They came at noon—as asked—but none too late for our preparations. At once the clouds broke away and gave a glimpse of the sun and all of us descended to the beach.

In front the ladies and gentlemen; down stream a few paces, and to the rear, a file of Indians, Inverburne's and Albany's, decorously drawn up in regular and double row. Over the bank above through the foliage appeared the meagre face and

dark eyes of Louis, prone on the ground, and *hors de combat*, from the cut upon his knee. The canoes, drawn up at the water's edge; around all nature, its river, woods and perfumes and its rising mists; on high were shifting skies of grey and blue and bursts of fitful sunlight. The breeze made not a whisper; the birds had sung their matins out and were in their noontime hammocks. The earth and air were listening with pensive curiosity and the mild tumult of the river warned against intrusion. "Proceed," they said, "we are all attention. Ring up your curtain, have off your faces and begin."

What an occasion is a christening—a canoe, a yacht, an infant; shall we not lift it into the sphere of individuality and a name? Set out the little lighted candle from under a bushel, upon its distinctive candlestick; array it bravely for the ceremonial and proffer it with aspiring hope and earnest belief. Who is there to gainsay or estimate its efficacy? Yet up and down upon the river are canoes and canoes, birch canoes and log canoes, nameless as the pebbles on the beach, or the sticks of timber in a drive—unregenerate children of the forest, doing their essential part in the economy of the stream, without the grace of christening.

Ah, Gideon Le Fergie, crank of the dice box and the bottle, outlaw almost in this land of freebooting, drifter, poacher and what not else, thy "Lovely Sea boat," among all the craft big and little on the water, is now the only conception to the dignity of a name, since "Great Caesar's Ghost" and Peter's "Mary Han" went wailing on the "shining shore!" And a christening is for the future—for the new, the untried, the promising; for youth and for hope; the garlands are garlands

of hope; the ceremonies the earnest and tokens of promise. *Quid rides?* The young Homer, the young Hercules, the young Lawgiver of the Bullrushes, is he not a possibility of every age, aye of every generation?

Shall there be even song and no reveille? Requiem and vespers and no matins? Fasts and tenebrae and no Christmas? Funeral baked meats and no frankincense and myrrh? Nightingale and no chanticleer? Shall we grieve with the tragedies of November and have no songs for the beauties, the fragrance and the promise of May? And what does it signify that this blighted leaf is the same which pushed through the bark with abundant life and promise and burst open the brown bud to reach the light of spring? What does it signify that November is not less a certainty than May?

Thursday, July 8.

Well, this was the day after. We took no fish at all this morning. The river ran and the birds sang and the day dawned and the morning waned and the shadows lengthened. Perhaps the heat was the trouble; be that as it may, we killed no fish until afternoon. Then D. O. brought in a $20\frac{1}{2}$ -pound and L. an eight-pound one and we rested from our labors.

Friday, July 9.

They say the spring freshet this year has had no parallel in the world's history. They all agree on that; the Fergusons,

great and small, male and female, and the Horns, father and sons and mother, and the Mileses, and Nelson and old Le Fergie and the rest, and Peter and the Indians shake their heads significantly. It is a part of the traditions now of the river, how the comely dwelling of McAndrew, our neighbor, stayed and anchored and battlemented around about with the sturdiest posts and timbers which the forest yields, in the dead of a tremendous night, burst its moorings, rose to the summit of the swelling flood and rode, with all its freight of stores and furniture, above the Whales and the Chain of Rocks, down, down with the tumult and the roar to be stranded at Brandy Brook. Le Fergie cast it a midnight benediction; Ferguson peered grimly out at the novel sight; the Horns assembled to gaze in mute astonishment as it went by, and Miles. But at Brandy Brook, resting like a giant drunk with new wine, lashed and buffeted by the remorseless rush and torrent and grinding up and down upon the rocks, it shook its unwilling shoulders as if chilled to the marrow with the cold and yielding up the ghost with a wail from every timber and at every joint was torn limb from limb in the insatiable flood.

To have approached that stranded and reeling house, across the ice-blocked river, would have been a feat of no small peril. They do say that Miles's house was better furnished after the freshet than before and that mysterious shapes went back and forth about the doomed pavilion on that memorable night. But who can know? The fearful avalanche of water left no reckoning of the flotsam that went out to sea in its savage tide, or the jetsam that crawled along the river's bottom in the same direction. And there were things to reckon and remember

and lament. The house, the second of its kind, not quite as large as that which succumbed in the spring freshet of the year before, but no mean affair for the wilderness; the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of household economy, which it contained, brought for the long summer vacation of '85, and in anticipation of successive vacations like it; the red elbow chairs that knew so well the shady parts of the porch at all hours and the coolness and comfort of the twilight; the old fire dogs on the hearth in the bright dining-room chimney corner, through which the fire looked with a merry light when the sun had gone and the night air chilled the river's canyon, and over which the fragrance of the choicest Havanas of the Travellers' Club mingled with fumes of the best hot Scotch, and with the smoke of the burning logs, on their way up into the outer air; in which the flames had painted so many pictures of a white banquet table and a joyous company and of other pictures on the walls about them; of the salmon, life-sized, which had tipped the scales at better than 42 pounds, painted to life,—an ugly brute, but a big one, and a rare one; and of tracings and photographs brought there and taken there and painted there and of tasteful decorations which made the interior of that room so engaging, so homelike and so hospitable. That excellent kitchen stove, but a season old, which cooked the crimped salmon, not an hour out of the stream, after the method of the Laird O'Cakes, and its entire *baterie de cuisine*. A case or so of the best "Old Islay," no doubt ripening in the frost, to add to the charms and pleasures of that hospitality. Down they went, as if it had cost no pains and money to bring them there, preceded by the trim flag-staff, which had floated

the "Meteor flag of England" in proud announcement of the allegiance and the loyalty of the household on festal days and thrown out its folds in welcome on the return of its members and guests.

Rocks and roots and forest trees, hill-sides of gravelly earth, are common food for the hungry river when it wakes from its winter's sleep to take its spring breakfast. It was a dainty morsel to grind in its icy teeth and roll under itslicker-ish tongue and in its ravenous jaws, this comfortable and handsome villa and its choice contents. And they say that the river rent the air with roars of savage glee at the happy chance. It jammed the ice blocks across the channel at the Chain of Rocks, as in driving times it jams the logs, and piled them up in greatest confusion and strength, until the rushing waters were hurled back upon themselves and combatted in their rebound their own descending current. The war of the contest aroused the frightened echoes, the moon grew paler in the winter's sky and the hill-sides trembled with the terrific struggle. A block of ice on the porch of Camp Albany afterwards marked the height of the angry waters which had surged back from the dam below.

Last summer's floods must be memorable in the history of summer floods in the Ristigouche. Then they said—the old inhabitants—it had no precedent in any summer whereunto their memory ran back. Well, that flood raised the water to the foot of the stairs by which we ascend our bank. It was a rushing, resistless, ungovernable, overwhelming torrent. Now raise it 20 feet. What then? Could anyone determine its avoirdupois or measure its vital force; could anchorage hold

it back or stay its power? Not such as it met at Inverburne Island, surely. Of course the house yielded; torn up by the roots at the first onset, it was lifted to the surface and awaited the yielding of the dam before the gathering forces to be swept away. Of course it went. The oldest inhabitants, when the summer birds were singing and the summer stream smiled pleasantly and the flowers were growing on the beach and banks and the *cheveaux de fries* alongside the merry water defied its latent powers, the oldest inhabitants then said it would go, and it did.

On dit, that last winter's snows were immense; that the thaw came suddenly and late; that it continued with little check and rapid effect; and that these declivities ran rivulets of liquefied snow from Matapedia to the Kedgwick, something like continuous waterfalls pouring down into the common valley from marble sides, opposite each other. These stiff gales which rush wildly through here so frequently in summer are doubtless meagre suggestions of the boreal blasts which accompany the dying winter. When the main strength of the accumulating waters lifted the strong ice from its mooring, snapping it with a sound like a rapid fusillade of musketry, and rolled its blocks together with a noise like the roar of supplemental artillery, it may well be that at times the winds played a part in these ceremonies, which cleared out the river for the salmon of '86, and wound up the long winter, and with no uncertain sound either. Some sort of dirge usually emphasizes disaster, be it the wail of the wind or the wolves, the peal of the thunder or the voice of the multitude.

At the stillest hour of the stillest day of summer or in au-

tumn, there is always what seems an audible voice of the forest; at all events the hum of insect life and the invariable rush of the river (imperceptible, if familiar and unregarded); and there is expectancy of song of bird, or leap of salmon, or slide of rock or earth, or sound of pole or paddle; but what sounds are there when the winds are stilled of a day in the dead of winter; when these white cliffs glisten in their jeweled crust through the naked trunks and boughs over the sheeted and smothered river, and silence only is heard, and no song of bird or insect, or voice of man or sound of beast, breaks the frozen atmosphere, and nature sleeps the rigid icy sleep of 50 degrees below zero? Are there the tickings of the shrinking fibers in the trees, the snapping of the ice, as it solidifies and intensifies in the cold? We must ask Peter. It is said that the ice froze solid to the river bottom in deep places—but these inhabitants, old and new, speak sometimes with more emphasis than exactitude. Peter knows—what does n't he know?—that ice at its best never makes from river water more than 28 inches. D. O. killed three fish to-day; in the morning, eight and 22 pounds; in the afternoon, $22\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. And L., it being Friday, killed nothing.

Saturday, July 10.

We went out this morning and D. O. killed a fish, in weight 20 pounds. But the flush of the season is past, and there is a suppressed opinion, or seems to be, on all sides. These scenes do not pall, but the ostensible purpose of our visits is to kill. Rumors up and down the river that there is a fresh run ex-

pected, that a rise of water must certainly fill the pools with new fish, lose after a time their elasticity and begin to pop like roast chestnuts in ears trained by years' experience. If experience does not show that the early season is the only true season of all the salmon year, then we have not had experience. And to-day being Saturday, L. killed no fish.

Sunday, July 11.

And we went up to the jungle and we sat and smoked off the mosquitoes and we came in for luncheon and McAndrew called. And we determined to fold our tents and make our exit to-morrow.

Monday, July 12.

A. L. went out early to get a fish if he could, and could n't, being Monday, and he came in soon and things were very much astir at Camp. And there was a dense blue-grey smoke rising in the morning sunlight from the beach. D. O. had laid the bough beds on a funeral pyre there and was committing them to flames and forever. And a pretty mess they were and they made such a smoke as only matted hemlock boughs, and, as it turned out, fermented, can make. And so after all these years we have learned something this year about bough beds, it seems. Ah, we must be getting old or luxurious. Adieu, traditions of youth and its prejudices, if not its enthusiasm! Those boughs had been piled up and up, not renewed, time and time over, and still our aching thighs were not ap-

peased. Thinner beds might have served us years ago; now we must have springs and mattresses. What next? What next? What next?

Old Larry Vicaire
Was an Indian rare,
Though his visage was seamed
And silvered his hair.
Along the bright river
On runway and rill,
The footfall of Larry
Forever is still.
But in all this wild forest
Where, where is the spot,
In open or thicket,
That knew Larry not?
Twain rapid hacks
From the blade of his axe
In the bark, show the mark
Of his moccasin tracks.
By covert, defile,
And devious aisle,
Grim bruin's repair
And Lucivie's lair,
You may still see the blazings
Of Larry Vicaire.

And we broke camp and we floated and paddled in one canoe down stream to Matapedia, and en route we dropped in at Inverburne Island and stopped at Ferguson's, etc. At Harmony we found Sage and Mrs. Sage and Miss Susie and we ate there the best home-made cake ever eaten on the river and we tarried there until the films began to grow over the eyes of day and so were off for home.

1887

Saturday, June 11.

It was about 7 this morning when we boarded Nelson's scow, loaded over night with our stores, and it was after 4 P. M. when we spied the roof of Camp Albany. There were three of us, C. H. R., D. O. and A. L.

It was a fine day at Montreal—it always is when we tarry there a day *en route*. We were driven to the top of the mountain after our purchases, took a look through the telescope there, through the bright rich atmosphere, at the foaming waters of Le Chien Rapids, fell accidentally into La Langue Français, descended to our dinner at the Windsor, at which we had some very good shad from the St. Lawrence, stowed ourselves in the Intercolonial sleeping car with a multitude of traps, and awoke between 7 and 8 next morning at Point Lévi, to see once more the citadel and the Heights of Abraham at Quebec opposite. And to-night we sleep upon bedsteads of iron, on mattresses under white sheets; the bedsteads and beds came on as freight from Montreal to Matapedia and were purchased weeks ago by mail order from D. O. at Montreal.

Here are Peter Soque and Noel Vicaire and Barney Barnaby and Tom, his nephew; Tom is the bow of D. O.'s canoe this year, for poor Louis Machir died last winter. R. has also two Indians, young fellows, one Tom, if not two, somebody. And there is Peter, our new cook, a tall, well-built fellow, with

a pleasant face, and if he is as good at cooking as he is good looking, we shall not have to complain of our fare.

R. has climbed the heights of Mont Blanc; explored the glaciers of Switzerland; tramped over its passes and sailed its lakes; roamed the fair fields and the vineyards of France and the Rhine; bivouacked with the army in the South; basked in the light and air and water of Italy; breathed the freshness of the Adirondack hills; viewed the landscape from the summit of Marcy, where all but the tops of the mountains look like the sea; done auld lang syne the Scotch and Irish and English Lakes; rounded the Point of Judith; taught the echoes at Bugle Cove the sound of his rifle; breasted the waves of the Moose; stopped the flight of many a canvas back on the Chesapeake and of bob white among the blue hills of Jersey and in the magnolian woods; been over the Rockies and on the moors of Maryland; everywhere almost beside, but had never seen the Ristigouche.

Sunday, June 12.

What a mess, what a day of rest to be sure! By nightfall things are better. The logs are piled on the old hearth and the fire blazes and the kettle boils on the crane and the lockers are filled full and the room is aglow with the light of the Rochester lamp, and the drawn curtains send a warm lustre from their ruddy folds up among the rafters and the shadows overhead. A fair meal—for pork and eggs, with hot fried potatoes, make a fair meal—made a cigar enjoyable, and the

wine is good and the cordial and the cheese and the biscuit and the stories were good—most of them. And outside is the old mysterious silence of the hills, the old brightness of the stars and weirdness of the woods and steady rush of the river and deep darkness and music of the toads and blaze of the Indian campfire outlining against the night their rustic dwelling and sending a gleam upon the foliage just bursting into new life on the hillsides behind them. The Indians do not snore; they are too near Camp and too decorous for that; the conversation of their shanty is in suppressed voices; there is no loud laughter, no coarse guffaw. And so, with the old memories pervading and the old scenes about us and the old spirit with us, we wore out the evening, and went, like babes in the woods, to sleep.

Monday, June 13.

The early morning opened with clouds; at 10 A. M. there had been showers and after 10 there was rain. Thermometer marked 60 at 6.30 A. M. The first fish of the season came out of the camp pool at the slide. D. O. took him this morning and he weighed $25\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and he was a female fish. And L. got nothing. So we had salmon for our dinner.

Tuesday, June 14.

For those who have a fondness for wood life, this is pretty near perfection and for any one who could enjoy a trip from

Blue Mountain Lake to the Saranacs, as we did together, it could not fail to have many charms. I would like, too, that you should see it when the woods are fresh and green, as they are now, with the brightness of June, which is about what the middle of May is at home, and the river runs in full volume and all the birds are jubilant with the honeymoon song. It is delightful here this year and we are all *en rapport* with our surroundings.

I cannot but think that you would enjoy the trip up here as much as I do. The scenery about Lake Champlain is the finest in New York State and Montreal is as distinctly different from our own cities as if it were over the seas; and then there is Quebec and its suburbs, Montmorenci Falls and Beaufort, and beyond it is the trip through the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick; and still beyond is Camp Albany, and, I think, a most delightful trip up the river.

Wednesday, June 15.

Phair, Fish Commissioner of New Brunswick, came in on his way up stream at luncheon time, but had already lunched. Yesterday Messrs. Bartlett, Fairbanks and Bliss, on their way to the Club fishing at Chamberlain Shoals and above, came in.

On the top of Santa Claus opposite, the very top, sat a white object so still and motionless that it seemed a part of the tree at first; a glass discovered it to be a hawk. Standing on the porch, R. sighted "Honey Cooler" at him and picked him off. Tom brought him in wounded and fierce, a grey hawk with

yellow talons and bill and bright grey eyes, a hardy, muscular bird, small in size and so grey in plumage as to look white at a distance—a hawk all over. Some drops of ammonia in his throat ended his existence. Several of these hawks collected on the opposite beach, perching on the trees by the river's beach and watching there motionless, watching or sleeping. D. O. from our beach below cut the tail from another with a rifle ball sent to the opposite shore and brought the tail away as neatly clipped as if done by shears; the bird flew off without a rudder. No fish to-day.

Friday, June 17.

McAndrew came up river, and took possession of his house. This year he has a portable house, built, of course, last summer, and to run out of the wet on runners; a plan which seems successful. When the snow falls, they ride it into the woods on sleighs and after the spring freshet they ride it back again. A patent, portable, peripatetic domicile, made to put up and take down and pack away and to ride and roam at will; but the old houses were features in the landscape, in harmony with it; this is almost as bad as Haversham's house below, before Captain Sweny got hold of it and made it the most picturesque on the river of all the larger houses. It was occupied last summer, but now looks more like the wart it is on the face of a handsome landscape than then. The ladies are certain to amend this and there is reason to think it too slight for the midsummer sun which beats down on that unsheltered island.

McAndrew says they never have flies there on the island, and they do hardly ever; but they have smudges there sometimes, most times.

Saturday, June 18.

The smoke house is in good order and the smoke is up and our surplus fish go in there. And we blamed the raging seas, and watched with watery eyes far into the night, and the reflector broke at first trial.

Sunday, June 19.

About 10 we had our breakfast. At luncheon we had Captain and Mrs. Sweny and others, and it was a merry party. There were dinner-table talk and stories and the roof fairly echoed with merriment. Stearns and Sanderson called also during the luncheon, and awaited on the porch, declining to join us at table. Higginson and others also called during the day. We had a chowder, too, which R. made, and it came to a hungry market, the basis whereof was fresh Ristigouche trout and the other compoundings whereof are one of those things which no one ever can find out. And we drank our coffee on the porch and smoked there, and when the day had well advanced toward its later hours, our guests had floated off down stream, had received our salutes, and were out of sight. It was very nice of Mrs. Sweny to send us word last week in good season that they would come up on Sunday, and we were ready to receive them, or had time to be.

Monday, June 20.

In the morning we captured one fish. He came out of the camp pool at the slide. L. killed him and he weighed $25\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. And that was all the day's sport yielded in fish. Trout, of course, are plenty.

Tuesday, June 21.

L. fished the camp pool again this morning and brought in one fish weighing 23 pounds. In the afternoon he took another from the camp pool, weighing 23 pounds, and one from the O. pool weighing 27 pounds. Raymond went out.

June 23.

C. H. R. (Charles H. Raymond) declares that this camp more than realizes his most brilliant expectations and, though he is an old woodsman, that it and its surroundings and employments are in all respects unequalled in his experiences; and that he enjoyed himself here on his visit of ten days I am very certain, and he was sorry to be compelled to leave.

June 24.

Have just heard of the death of the grand old Dr. Hopkins. Through the young men educated under his instruction at

Williams College, he has exerted a wise and wholesome influence upon the world. He was one of the most gifted men of his time and held the admiration, esteem and love of all who for fifty years past have received instruction at Williams. He was imbued with the most profound philosophy, and was filled with the beautiful, the poetic and the true. He had a vivid imagination, subjected always to the control of an understanding almost infallible. Joy and cheerfulness pervaded his life, as "ether pervades the universe," and humor was his hand-maiden to do his bidding, to point a moral, or adorn a tale. He died at the age of eighty-five, filled with the freshness of youth, and his memory will be green and delightful as the brightness and sweetness of these Canadian woods.

Sir John McDonald and lady passed up stream to-day in a scow. They stayed last night a mile below us. It is quite possible they intended to pass the night at Camp Albany, but there was some little accident which may have prevented. They would certainly have been much more comfortable with us than in the house they occupied and their ill-conditioned scow.

D. O. says he never saw the foliage here so fresh and bright as this year, and that nowhere else in his experience has he known foliage so fresh and bright as here.

Monday, July 4.

Salute in the early morning. L. took a fish in the O. pools weighing $13\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

1888

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, *June 14.*

Reached here about a quarter to nine this morning, and found D. O. and C. H. R. awaiting breakfast for me. To-day we have been making purchases, and about 10 P. M. will leave for Point Lévi, opposite Quebec.

Friday, June 15.

Reached Point Lévi on time; breakfasted at the Victoria, where we saw Tom Hyer and the rest of the familiar faces attendant at the ceremony which is there called breakfast and paid for as such. Our old friend, the conductor on the Grand Trunk, was there this morning, as he had been for years and years of mornings without an intermission before. At Trois Pistoles we dined and in the evening were at Matapedia and the Club House. Mr. Thompson, with a special car from the Pennsylvania Railroad, followed respectfully in the wake of our train and he and his ladies, of course, reached the depot in the same relative situation to us. They were carefully switched onto a side track, there to make an abode, and we wended our way among the throng of gazing Indians to our luggage and thence to the hospitable home of the Ristigouche Club.

Mr. Catlin is dangerously ill at the Club House with gout.

At table were Bartlett, General Penfold, Goelet, St. Gaudens, White; Mr. Thompson with ladies at another table. Heard here of the death of "Unser Fritz," the German Emperor, by telegraph to some members of the Club and went to bed seasonably.

Saturday, June 16.

Nelson loaded our trunks and impedimenta on his scow last night and we made a start for Camp at 6½ o'clock precisely, half an hour later than the time assigned, as breakfast was not prompt. Robert Goelet came with us on the scow as far as Waterfalls, where he is to look at a piece of property with fishing rights, if not fishing, attached. Mowat has a hand in all land transfers on the river first or last and Mowat owns or controls the strip.

At Camp Upsalquitch, Captain and Mrs. Sweny came out in a boat to see us and rode a way with us and said they would come up and see us in Camp. And Harry Sweny went up to his fishing, where he pushed off and before we went out of sight we saw him land a salmon. The day was cloudy without rain; the men boiled the kettle and we had some luncheon on the scow. Dugald Ferguson's daughter, married and living in Bangor, Maine, returning for a visit home with two children, after a four years' absence, had come aboard before we reached Dee Side. D. O. and L. paid their respects to Mrs. Nelson. Near Harmony we passed Florence handling a salmon. At his camp at Grog Island, Father Pratt, from the

shore where he came in from fishing when he saw us, said he had directions to signal Florence by three rifle shots when we came by, but we could not stop. At Waterfalls, Goelet left us and found his companions, St. Gaudens and White, awaiting him. At Ferguson's we took on our camp equipage as usual and soon after Hero Rapids came in sight and we landed at Camp Albany a trifle before 4 p. m. Found all in good plight and our kitchen built; got our stores up; had brought up a kitchen stove which Nelson bought for us; got up the stove; had the beds put up; the large box opened and stored away in the kitchen storehouse; had a rude dinner, a fire on the hearth and went to bed under mosquito bars—a necessary precaution, as the insects, mosquitoes, are here in unusual force.

Had a conversation at Matapedia yesterday with McAlister, for whom we had telegraphed about the Ferguson purchases, and directed him to go down to Quebec and close the matter and accede to the government's terms of two dollars per acre, rather than lose the property, but to drive the best bargain possible.

Sunday, June 17.

And plenty to do. Thermometer at 5 a. m. about 53. We sat after dinner last evening on the porch. Goelet and White and St. Gaudens came to call in the morning. Goelet found that Mowat had title to only one lot at Waterfalls and gave up the purchase for the present, as he desired more, the fishing

on one lot being of little value. Mr. and Mrs. Horn and James, their son, paid us a visit and a good long one; we could not be excessive in our attentions, but they moved on at last to visit Mr. McAndrew at Toad Brook.

Mr. McAndrew is in his new house at the brook; it commands a fine stretch of river up and down. Later in the day McA. called. Stearns from Chamberlain Shoals was here at the same time. We were finishing luncheon when McA. came in and had quite a chat on the porch. Stearns was in bad plight about his stores having failed to come on and was down looking for supplies, which he got at Le Fergie's. He (Stearns) lunched with us and in the afternoon went back to Chamberlain Shoals, where he is alone. Dinner cooked on stove in kitchen and we had a fine trout which Noel captured over night in the net. He weighed nearly four pounds.

Monday, June 18.

Day bright. Thermometer at 5 A. M. about 53. O. fished O. pools; L. fished Camp and Princess pools.

Monday, June 25.

The dinner yesterday which was to have been at 6.30 P. M. came off an hour earlier, as the guests reached here about 3 P. M. instead of 6, as expected. Only Florence and Heck-scher came, and the dinner was in all respects good and Peter did admirably. There was not a hitch in it "from the egg to

the apple"; and at 8 o'clock our guests went home, floating down in their canoes.

The foliage is green and rich; the leaves have not yet reached their full summer size and will not for two or three weeks yet. The birds sent up a chorus of welcome for us along the banks as we came up the river. They shouted out "sweet weather" and "very convenient" and "kidgewick," with emphasis on the last syllable. Chickederleguth screamed back and forth before us from side to side. Wit-wit-wit went along the course of the river and the familiar high and plaintive note of the peabody came "over the hills and far away" and from the branches almost within our reach. The mountain ash has just put forth its white blossoms and the squaw-slipper is in full bloom. Two pitchers were filled with them yesterday for our dinner and our visitors took them down stream with them.

A fire occurred here about three weeks ago, starting from Le Fergie's, the house just above Ferguson's, and spread through the woods on the hills below us on the opposite banks. An opportune shower put it out just before it reached our line of vision, as we look down the stream from the camp piazza. Had it spread further, it would have scarred and disfigured the steep hills opposite and consumed Mr. McAndrew's new house and Camp Albany, too, most likely, as its dry materials could hardly have stood out against the intense heat which it would have sent across the stream with the sparks.

1889

MONTREAL, *May 30.*

We reached Montreal at about 10.45 p. m. last night, the train being as usual a little late. The ride was not an unpleasant one, as the landscape is fresh and bright and the scenery, particularly along Lake Champlain, very beautiful. To-night we leave about 9 p. m. for Point Lévi; to-morrow night we will D. V. pass at Matapedia and reach camp on Saturday evening. To-day we called on Mrs. Barnard, who was glad to see us.

June 6.

We reached here Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The day was cool and cloudy. We took our luncheon at Dee Side, where the men boiled the kettle. Peter Swasson, the cook, Peter Soque and Noel Vicair, my Indians; Barney Barnaby and his son, Dudley's two Indians; for Raymond three canoes; the scow and three horses; Robert Nelson, the scow owner and man in charge; the steersman and the man who rode one of the horses; one or two passengers who availed themselves of the opportunity to come part of the way up; our own impedimenta and a few stores for people living on the way constituted our crew and cargo. Logs were floating down the lower part of the river, but all was clear at Camp and for some

miles below. Ferguson had the Camp and its vicinage in excellent order and had built us new stairs.

Vegetation is probably three weeks behind us at home. The wild cherry at the corner of the Camp is just in flower. The woods are richly verdant with their half-grown leaves and the light green of the poplars and birches is emphasized by the dense and dark foliage of the conical spruces. Old Santa Claus over the way still keeps his sentry opposite. McAndrew's camp stands unoccupied, solemn and picturesque, at Toad Brook. Peabody is here and tells us so continually, and the great multitude of unknown songsters makes the solitude eloquent. The air is cool with showers.

June 10.

We went into the woods on Sunday (yesterday) and had some hard climbing and walking. I found a little flower, an orchid, which I picked and then regretted not taking up the tiny plant, but could not find it. It was a steep side hill down which we descended through fallen trees and thick brush—very difficult going. The flower is so pretty and to me so rare that I thought it might be something important in the orchid line, and I have boxed it up in a small box and sent it to you for Chatfield to tell what it is.

June 16.

Entertained at dinner Dr. Mason from Brandy Brook and Florence and his chum, Mr. Heckscher, from Camp Beatrice at Grog Island. Dinner at 5 P. M.

It is most charming here this bright Sunday, and the thermometer on the porch is 72 degrees. There is not a cloud in the sunny sky and a pure fresh fern-scented breeze rustles the foliage and sweeps over the bright clear water. Nothing could be more perfect than the atmospheric conditions. The squaw-slippers are just in bloom. The ash trees have not put out their blossoms. They are beginning to show. The wild lily and a few white flowers are in bloom. Later come a variety of colors and the beautiful wild rose.

June 23.

Did not leave Camp on account of an easterly rain, which kept up all day. Mr. McAndrew took luncheon with us, also a Mr. Welch on his way to Camp Harmony; also a Mr. Denniston from Brandy Brook. All came by invitation and the luncheon lasted from about 1.30 o'clock to between 4 and 5. We had pea soup and then some lamb hash with potatoes and onions, served hot; and baked beans, cold, with pork; radishes from our own bed and then lobster, dressed and garnished with lettuce; and then more radishes with some excellent cheese, with Bent crackers and black coffee.

June 29.

To-morrow (Sunday) we go down to Brandy Brook to dinner and on Monday we expect Mr. Sweny's camp to luncheon and on Tuesday or Wednesday we break camp. Mr. McAndrew expects his family to-day. It is still pleasant

here, though growing warm. The fishing is over practically, but the flowers bloom and the birds sing and the shadows come and go and the Camp is breezy and aromatic. I have a wash-bowl full of wild roses, bud and bloom, upon the table, and a large bunch of moccasin flowers. They are very fragrant.

1890

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, *June 5.*

We reached Montreal about 11 p. m. C. H. R. joined us at Saratoga, where we lunched—the most celebrated of all watering-places in America. A short distance south of Plattsburg we reached Bluff Point. Here has been erected the Champlain Hotel, to be opened the middle of this month, kept by the same man who keeps the "Ponce de Leon" at St. Augustine, Fla. The hotel was built by the railroad company at considerable expense and it is to be run on the most approved and expensive plan. We expect to leave here 8 a. m. to-morrow and reach Point Lévi in the evening. Will reach Matapedia at 12.50 a. m., arriving at Camp Saturday evening.

June 15.

We arrived safely at Camp in good season. It was a rainy day and the water in the river high; so high that we took a

wagon, or what corresponds to a buggy, to Dee Side, where our scow, already laden with our stores, met us. The scow had not gone down to Matapedia, the stores having been sent on the day before. The Indians poled their canoes all the way up to Camp.

June 25.

Yesterday afternoon D. O. took a $38\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish, the largest one our Camp has ever taken, and I think the largest taken with fly on our river this season.

I write on the porch of our Camp. There are a number on our river, but I really think not one which is so rustic and picturesque as this. To my eyes it is way beyond any on the river and so I think the general verdict of the river is. McAndrew's is certainly more elaborate and very fine, but every one to his taste, and we are, if not so pretentious, at least self-satisfied and that is as much as mortal man can hope to be.

June 29.

You ask if I saw the Duke of Connaught. Do you remember just before arriving at Matapedia, the station near Sir George Stephen's, a very fine and imposing place? Well, the Duke was Sir George's guest and was with him there. When we reached Matapedia, we found the depot hung with bunting, placed there in honor of the Duke's arrival and not yet removed. His Grace had gone on with Sir George to his fish-

ing grounds. The Duke had not yet taken any salmon. Sir George's place is on the Matapedia River and his fishing is upon that stream. For a number of years the fishing on that river has been almost good for nothing; owing to some unexplained cause, salmon, once large and plenty there, are now seldom taken. Some say it is because the river has been so much "drifted," that is, netted with small nets. Some say that the constant jar of passing railroad trains, since the building of the railroad, disturbs them. Some say that some attempts made by Sir George to improve his fishing by obstructing the free passage of the fish in the river above him have resulted disastrously. Whatever the cause may be, the fact exists that very few salmon are taken. Efforts have been made to restock the river, but I think with poor success.

Soon we will be leaving. The other fishermen on the river will be folding their tents, but the stream remains and the woods and the wild flowers and the Camp and sunshine over the green forests. They never fold their tents, excepting of course the verdure and the flowers.

1891

RISTIGOUACHE SALMON CLUB, MATAPEDIA,
May 30, 5.45 A.M.

We reached here at midnight last night, and are just taking breakfast. We start up the river as soon after as possible, say

7 o'clock. We are all well. Our Indians are here waiting for us at the station and are now ready to go up stream. The water in the river is too high to take a scow from here, so we go up as far as Dee Side by wagon, which is just above Sage's Camp. John Farnsworth met us at Plattsburg and gave us a splendid dinner.

June 2.

Dr. Rainsford brought up your letter yesterday. The Rev. Doctor had made his way from Matapedia that day and was en route for the river above and the fishing. The air is cool and not unpleasant; the river is high and swift; the buds are just coming into leaf. Yesterday was, of course, our first day's fishing. The train which brought us to Matapedia had a number of club men, some 18, among them William K. Vanderbilt, who extended the hospitalities of his special car to the fellow-members of the Club. Vanderbilt now owns Mr. Fearing's interest in Brandy Brook. He is there now. He had gone up in a canoe before we did, Saturday, and we saw him fishing in the stream as the scow passed up.

June 13.

The weather here is pleasant. Night before last we had a shower with thunder and lightning. It cleared the air and with some slight showers yesterday seems to have put out the

fires in the woods below and in our neighborhood, which made the air heavy with smoke. The fish are very scarce.

On Sunday we went to the Chain of Rocks Brook, something more than a mile. The woods were so tangled and pathless that we waded up the stream—a fatiguing journey—but the air was pleasant and the work gave us appetite for the Gaspé lobsters which our friend and neighbor McAndrew had sent over in our absence. The robins and peabody are here; they are just nest-building.

June 21.

Dean Sage, who passed up yesterday with Messrs. Payne and Whitney and Mr. Hanna, all on a scow bound for above, just stopped here and will take this letter down with him. They had luncheon with us and we were a very pleasant party.

June 23.

Yours of the 18th reached me while on the river at Brandy Brook, where we were going to take dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Mason at 1.30 P. M.

June 25.

We expect Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and Ike Vanderpoel to lunch with us. On Tuesday next, June 29th, we will in all probability break camp and leave for Albany, so we will be back before "the glorious Fourth."

1892

June 26.

The woods are brighter, if anything, than ever. The fishing is better than last year, but not equal to that of some other years. Some robins are nesting near the Camp and busy from the earliest light until late evening and they season their labor with many and many a song. The peabody pipes in with his shrill whistle and a multitude of other songsters swell the refrain.

July 8.

Letters received from home state that Capt. Sweny passed away the day after the day fixed for his departure for Camp. Poor Sweny! I can well imagine his longing for his camp on the Upsalquitch as he lay racking with pain and fever in his sick chamber. He will be missed on the river.

1893

June 20.

All is well here in Camp. We had three salmon yesterday, two of which D. O. took—one of them a 29 lb. fish, a fine salmon. These two with the one which I took are the only fish taken by our Camp this year. Wind high this morning.

I will send moccasin plants as soon as they stop flowering.
Mr. McAndrew is here.

June 23.

C. H. R. talks of going out the 2nd of July. My plan is to go with him. Yesterday the event was the arrival of Mrs. McA. and her sister. D. O. saw last Monday a family of the caribou on the beach above Camp—the stag and his mate and their two calves—the mother teaching the young to swim in the river. Red deer have also been seen here this spring, which is unusual.

June 30.

We are all going out on Monday next, the three of us together, and I will reach Albany D. V. about 7 P. M., July 5th. I write to tell Louisa to have Mr. Evans send my horse and wagon for me. This morning a large cow caribou came down just behind me. Richard Mann, who lives just below, came up stream in his "dug-out," and called us to look at them, and she went back into the woods, leaving her calf, which Richard afterwards went ashore and captured. It was a pretty sight.

July 3.

We stopped at the camp of Mr. Sage, finding Mrs. Sage and Sarah and Betty. It was very pleasant and they seemed to be enjoying themselves. I found Sarah casting on the river for salmon as I came down. Called on Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew just before leaving. They have a beautiful camp. Mrs. McA. and her sister, Mrs. Evans, are there.

ALBANY, N. Y., *July 6.*

I reached here last evening about 7 P. M., by the Herkimer & Malone R. R., that is, Dr. Webb's new railroad through the Adirondacks to Montreal. At Herkimer we joined the Empire State Express for Albany and came on at the rate of nearly five miles in four minutes.

1894

MONTREAL, *May 31.*

To-morrow I expect to leave for Matapedia. A message came to-day saying Mr. Sage would not be here to-night, owing to a death in the family.

1895

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, *June 6.*

Reached Montreal on time last night. To-day we have been busy completing an outfit for Camp. At 2.30 P. M. the people of Montreal dedicated a statue to Sir John McDonald, the late Premier of the Dominion Government. The statue stands in the park upon which the Windsor faces and is a full-length figure of the celebrated Canadian statesman. The unveiling occurred in the presence of a large crowd of people. The Governor General of Canada was present and other high dignitaries and speeches were made by prominent men. I send you a paper.

June 11.

The Camp is as pleasant as ever. Mr. McAndrew came over from England, where he now lives, to occupy his Camp, and Mrs. McAndrew is expected here Thursday week. The foliage is fully out, the moccasin flower in bloom, and the season more advanced than I have ever seen it before on our arrival here.

June 14.

Dean Sage and his brother William, Charles T. Barney (who married Mary Whitney's sister) and a Mr. Dickerman, whom we met 25 years ago at the Oquossic Club in Maine, came in together from Camp Harmony and lunched and spent the rest of the day with us. We had a very pleasant party on the porch.

June 23.

Mr. Sage still remains at Camp Harmony. You know that Mr. Whitney (W. C.) and Col. Payne have purchased the waters and premises formerly belonging to Captain Sweny from Mrs. Sweny this last Winter; they have formed what they call the Camp Harmony Angling Club, combining with Sage and Lawrence, the owners of Camp Harmony, the fishing of the two properties. The Camp Harmony Angling Club, consisting of Sage, Lawrence, Whitney and Payne, now have some very excellent waters and as good fishing as any camp on the river. What we enjoy especially here is the seclusion. Excepting Mr. McAndrew of Camp Inverburne there are no inhabitants near us, and we are, as you know, surrounded by the woods.

Last Sunday we took a long stroll into the woods, starting in where we went up one day when you were here. We went far back into the woods, and while we did not actually see any larger animals than a red squirrel we undoubtedly heard the calls of a bear and her cubs near by. The sounds were so much like the voices of men that we were at first disposed to think them so, but sitting and waiting upon a log and listening it became apparent that the noises were those of animals and those of bears. We were disappointed not to have had a look at them. Probably as the wind set in their direction from us, the keen noses of the cubs, who had strayed off from their dear mamma's presence, detected us and they set up a cry for maternal protection, to which cry she presently answered. We were in no peril, the party being abundantly provided with implements of warfare, and the disposition of the animal is to avoid encountering mankind. Of course the maternal instinct of the mother bear would cause her to resist and assail any attack upon her cubs. Hearing or smelling us, the family probably made off to a safe distance.

1896

RISTIGOUACHE SALMON CLUB,

MATAPEDIA, *June 6*

Reached here about 1 p. m. yesterday, and go immediately up the stream to Camp. Found the weather cool; there

was a change from warmer yesterday afternoon. A fire in the Club House is altogether comfortable.

CAMP ALBANY, *June 14.*

I have taken 18 fish, the largest 31 pounds, which I send out to-morrow to Judge Gray at Saratoga. The river is high and all the better for that. The sun is out and it is a most charming Sunday.

June 30.

Last Saturday Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb, who were at Brandy Brook with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, came up to fish the McAndrew waters opposite. Mrs. Webb landed in all nine fish. They took their midday meal with us by previous invitation, and went off seemingly well pleased with their visit. Mr. McAndrew offers his waters for sale.

July 4.

The Camp is now being dismantled by degrees, and on Monday afternoon it will be closed, when we leave it en route for home. This morning at 7 I went out to Hero Rapids, and took three fish—the largest 25 pounds, which I send to you.

1898

June 9.

We have just arrived at Camp and have our hands full to get ready for sleeping to-night.

June 14.

I send you by to-day's mail-boat a fine salmon in perfect condition and weighing 34 pounds. This is the largest fish I have ever sent to you.

June 23.

You ask how we found the Camp. Well, we reached here on the 9th at 3.15 P. M. and found the Camp opened and cleaned. This had been done, of course, by the Fergusons, and made ready for occupation. It looked very comfortable and cozy and the surroundings green and fresh. The grounds were somewhat grown up in places and they have had a trimming out since, which has improved both their appearance and comfort. Then in due time the Indians turned to and mowed the grass, and with the hammocks swinging, the tent put up, the lockers filled and all the innumerable collection of crockery and household goods set in such order as the circumstances admitted, the old Camp never looked more winsome to me.

I have never found it more comfortable or congenial on the weatherbeaten porch by day, or by its bright wood fire at night, or when its eaves are dripping with the dew of the early morning than now. Now the birds and squirrels and a splendid brood of partridges, but a few days old, are gradually becoming more and more friendly with us.

Yesterday we had smoked salmon for our breakfast, "mild-cured" they term it, and it seemed to me the best we ever had. You remember old Peter Soque, my Indian of all these years. Well, Peter was chief of the smoke-house and we thought he did the smoking so well that no one else could satisfy us in

that way. Old Peter is dead since last Christmas. He is a great loss to our camp and to me particularly, and I was very much attached to him. In his place I have Noel Vicaire, who has been with me during the same time as Peter, and was one of my "crew," as they term it. Naturally he came to Peter's place as his successor, and with him he has his son, a boy of 18 years. I do not think any boat on the river has a more willing or complete crew than mine. But Noel has also succeeded to the mantle of Peter as manager of the smoked-salmon-department, and he is doing himself great credit in that way. The trouble with this mild-cured salmon is that it will not keep in warm weather, and ice and moisture are uncongenial to it. Peter Swasson is still our cook, and Moise, who came up to us when but a child, is back again after the experience of one year's absence, in which he seems to have realized the necessity for being a better boy. Moise is now as attentive to the preparation of smudges on any and all occasions and the bringing of water from the stream and the clearing up of papers and other litter and the helping of Peter in the kitchen as any one could wish and is a very excellent lad of all work.

Mr. Robert Goelet now occupies his Camp (the McAndrew Camp) and is there with Mr. Stanford White, the architect. Last summer there were ladies, Mrs. White and others, with the party, but one season seems to have been enough for them. At all events there are no ladies at the Camp now. Mr. Goelet called on us the day of our arrival and also sent us a note asking us to take dinner with him that evening, as our camp was not in order. We, of course, in due time returned the call and

afterwards on one of those very windy days, when fishing was almost impossible, he and Mr. White came over and passed some time with us. Last Saturday they went down to the Club House for a few days, or we should have asked them to dine with us on Sunday. They returned yesterday afternoon, bringing with them a Mr. Riggs of New York, upon whom we must call, and possibly we may ask them over for dinner on Sunday, or luncheon earlier. At the Brandy Brook Camp are Mr. Hollins and Chester Griswold.

We had a call from the Governor General of Canada—Lord Aberdeen—who passed perhaps half an hour on his way up stream to Cross Points, where he is now fishing. He seemed to be a very agreeable and pleasant-mannered gentleman, and was kind enough to ask us to call on him, if we were going up the stream as far as his Camp. His call was due, I apprehend, to the fact that D. O. had met his Lordship at dinner at Brandy Brook last summer, upon the invitation of Mr. Kennedy, and when D. O. went out he placed our fishing at the services of the Governor General and Mr. Kennedy. We had a very pleasant interview with him and he seemed particularly well pleased with the location and surroundings of Camp Albany.

June 24.

I wrote you yesterday. Your letter of the 20th came just as we were going to breakfast. It was brought up by Tom Metalic, who during the one summer when Peter Swasson could not come up served us as our cook. He now goes up and down the river with mail, etc., from Lord Aberdeen's

Camp at Cross Points, a beautiful stretch of water 12 or 15 miles above us. Tom invariably stops at Camp Albany on his way up and down and is, like all the other Indians on the river, very fond of the old Camp. Poor Tom! On his way down day before yesterday he reached Matapedia just in time to hear that his barn, with his pigs, his plough, his harrow, his harness and wagon and about all his agricultural possessions had been burned—the work, he thinks, of an incendiary. Tom, besides being a cook and a boatman, is a constable at the Mission. Drunkenness is a lamentable feature in Indian life, they tell us, and Tom, who is himself not addicted to that vice, has recently found it necessary to discipline some young men who are, whenever opportunity offers, *hinc illae lachrymae*, as the Latins were in the habit of saying.

June 28.

On Sunday we had our two boats lashed together and were towed up the river as far as Indian House (17 miles above our Camp), further up stream than either of us had been before. The day was cloudy with occasional dashes of rain, which we did not mind at all with our rubber coats on and rubber blankets. We took our luncheon at Indian House in a drizzle of rain upon a convenient log on the beach—some ham sandwiches and hard boiled eggs—and having started from Camp at 6.35 A. M., breakfasting at 5.45, we were able to enjoy it hugely. Having had this repast, we made a call upon Robert Goelet, who with Mr. Stanford White and Mr. Riggs are tarrying there for a week, and were most hospitably received. At 2.50 P. M. our canoes having been unlashed, and our horse,

which was ridden up in towing us by Alexander Ferguson (the bridegroom of last summer), and driver having been dismissed to make their way back, we began to paddle back to Camp. Of course, our Indians went up with us and did the paddling. My Indians this year are, as I have already mentioned, Noel, whom you know, and Larry Vicaire, Noel's son, named for old Larry who was Dudley's canoeeman so many years and who was chosen to man the canoe of the Princess Louise when she fished here. The young Larry is about 18 years of age and an excellent fellow and I am well pleased with my crew. It had taken us six hours and nine minutes to reach Indian House; the average time made in towing canoes is about three miles per hour. We paddled back in two hours and forty-eight minutes, reaching Camp again at 5.30 P. M. Our trip up river was very interesting. Some 17 or 18 years since, when I first visited the river, we camped at a brook and salmon pool known as "Red Pine Mountain," some six or seven miles above here. From that camp at that time we had visited many of the pools above or about there,—Twin Brooks, Toms Brook, Pine Island, Cross Point and other places—all of which it was most pleasant to see again; but we had never reached Indian House, the most celebrated point of the river, at least up stream. At Toms Brook I had first seen a salmon leap from the water, and at Cross Point I had taken my first salmon. Our day's experience was a rare and pleasant one.

I had almost said that I was sorry to have seen Indian House; it is so picturesque and beautiful there in its wildness, and the winds and turns of the river among the surrounding hills, and its extended outlooks in all directions. The water

there is 50 feet in depth in places. There is a fine house there, which now belongs to the Club; it was built by Mr. Breeze, "Jimmy Breeze," of New York, and is well done. He sold it, after the panic a few years ago and the disaster in Cordage Stock, to the Club for \$35,000; I think that was the figure. It is well worth that sum as prices go for fishing here and would be marketable, I should say, at a considerably larger sum. Indian House was the intended end of our journey and of course we did not venture to go above in one day, but there are camps and pools many above,—viz.: Patapedia, Devil's Half Acre, Little Cross Point, etc.,—away up to the mouth of the Kedgewick. Some four miles above Indian House William K. Vanderbilt has his camp.

Cross Point is so called because there is there what in the Adirondacks we used to term an ox-bow. Perhaps you remember one which we crossed on Racket River. As you travel the stream there is a bend or loop in it. The distance around the loop is more than a mile, but the distance across the land is very little, hence cross or across point. To mark the portage many years ago some one put a stick across a pole and ever since a cross has marked it. If the wind or snow destroys or interferes with it, straightway it is put up again. But the rocky and heavily wooded hills rise there high above the river and, while the distance across the tops is little, the way up to the top is steep and difficult, and travelers make their way by the stream and do not attempt to carry over on the Racket with a somewhat similar loop. The boats are carried on the level ground and a few feet into the river on the other side.

CAMP ALBANY,
RISTIGOUCHE RIVER, *June 22, 1908.*

Here, in the places for so many summers made glad by his presence and now always dear for his memory, Abraham Lansing is held high in honor by all who knew him, is held revered and loved in the remembrance of those who knew him well. Nowhere was he more his varied self than amid the living forests which he reverenced and on the rushing waters which he thoughtfully and wisely loved. Upon this spot he lavished that great love of nature which gave him such happiness in its revelations and which shone so purely in the utterances of his lips and in the running of his facile pen. Here, in his communings with wild woods and waters, he was wont to give expression to the deep sentiments of his own noble nature and to find play for recollections of the thoughts and descriptions of the great authors with whose works he was so familiar. Himself a writer of original and intellectual verse, he took pleasure in quoting, to supplement his own poetic fancies, those students of nature whose

footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time.

A philosopher, he loved to repeat here in the wilderness the maxims and the words of wisdom of ancient and modern sages whose philosophy served to adorn the daily walks of his own mental being.

In this camp, of many a quaint and curious feature, either due to his suggestion or in the construction of which he aided, and a great and integral part of which he was, all things bear

the impress of his individuality or are relics of his occupation. His dictionary still lies upon the shelf; his favorite set of Shakespeare rests upon the table; his own great salmon rod hangs along the wall; and now below it hangs his portrait, the gift in later years of faithful love, set in its place by the hands of revering friendship.

Camp Albany would earnestly offer this memory of him as a fisher with the fly: his deeply cogitated knowledge of the ways of the salmon he united with shrewd reasoning on the natural causes affecting them; the color of the water, the shadow of the cloud, the depth of the pool, determined the selection and size of his fly; then, with easy, though long-studied, skill with the rod—skill which no fisherman on the river could hope to surpass—he would bring all his piscatorial lore into successful practice. To watch his tall, graceful form while casting on the river was to see the exemplar of the accomplished fisherman; the man, the rod, the line were together but the extension and the completion of artistic and practical perfection.

Grave and dignified, yet genial; habitually courteous; by birth and breeding a gentleman, by education a scholar, by inspiration a poet, he adorned and elevated the social centers wherein he moved. A soul of high meditation and resolve, a heart of courage and honor, an intellect broad, analytic and dispassionately just; charitable in thought and deed, exceptional in the purity and nobility of the example he set before his fellow men, Abraham Lansing shed moral and intellectual benefit upon all who came within his influence.

CHARLES H. RAYMOND.



